Vol 8 The War Illustrated N° 196

Edited by Sir John Hammerton

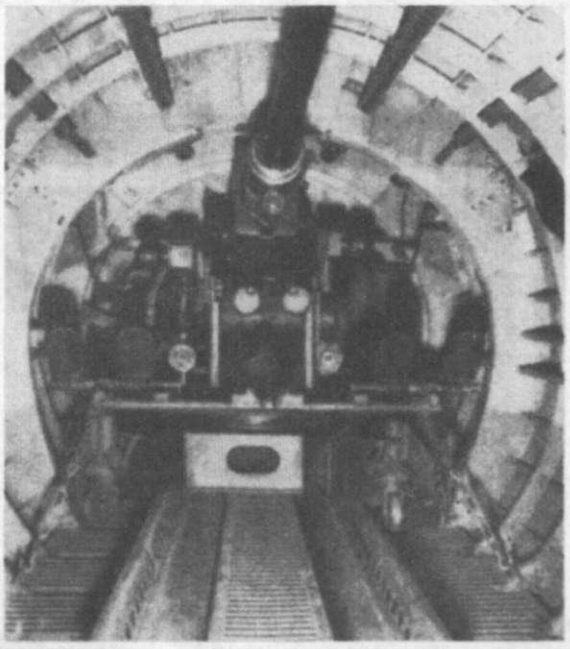
SIXPENCE DECEMBER 22, 1944

CHINESE GUERILLA, one of thousands fully prepared to pit weapons and skill against the Japanese invader. During their seven years' active resistance to the enemy, such fighters have rendered valuable assistance to the Allied cause. On November 23, 1944, Major-General Albert C. Wedemeyer, who succeeded General Stilwell as military adviser to Chiang Kai-shek, announced that the Generalissimo had accepted in principle a plan which he had submitted for the disposition of Chinese forces. *Photo, U.S. Official*

NO. 197 WILL BE PUBLISHED FRIDAY, JANUARY 5, 1945

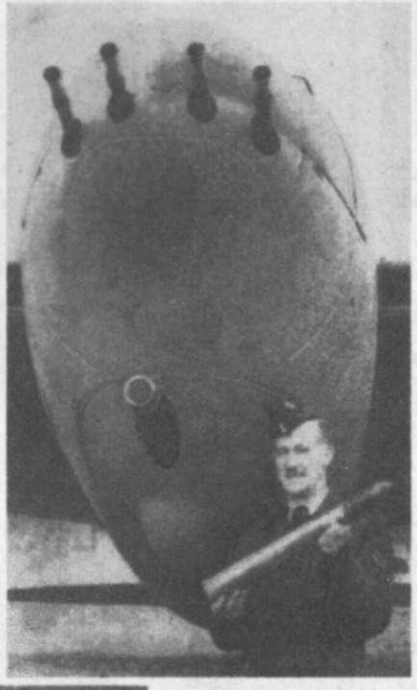
Our Roving Camera Sees Latest British Weapons

MARK 10 SELF-PROPELLED 3-in. ANTI-TANK GUN, details of which were released in November 1944, is built on the lines of the Sherman, and designed for use by British and Canadian units. It is manned (above) by Royal Canadian Artillery.

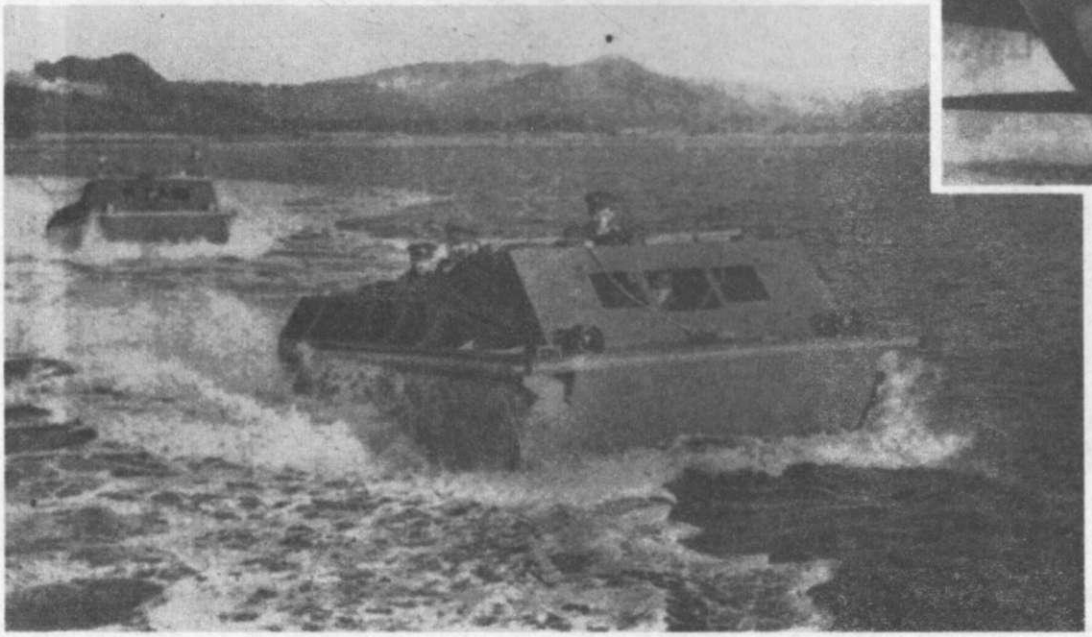


GLIDER-BORNE BOFORS A.A. GUNS played an important part in operations following D-Day. Here one is seen on its runway in the fuselage of a giant British glider ready for action on touching-down.
See also illus. p. 504.

THE STAGHOUND ARMOURED CAR—here seen in Italy—has been a closely guarded Allied military secret since 1942. Capable of high speed, it combines the features of tank and reconnaissance car; is about 17½ ft. long, weighs 14 tons, and carries a crew of five. It is powerfully armoured on all four sides, and mounts a cannon as well as two machine-guns.



MOSQUITO MARK 18, showing the four ·303 machine-guns and the six-pounder cannon (hitherto secret armament) carried in the nose of this R.A.F. Coastal Command aircraft. Its use forced the Germans to change their U-boat tactics. This photograph was released in November 1944. The N.C.O. is displaying one of the six-pounder's shells, which are over 2 ft. in length.



ALLIGATORS are used for transporting ammunition. An amphibious craft (left), it is propelled through the water by its caterpillar tracks and can be launched from a ship at sea and thence direct its course to land.

Photos, British Official, New York Times Photos

THE BATTLE FRONTS

by Maj.-Gen. Sir Charles Gwynn, K.C.B., D.S.O.

SOME time ago (see page 259) I suggested that the Reichswehr generals, realizing that the war is lost, would not lend themselves to Hitler's plan for prolonging the struggle into the heart of Germany ; and rather than expose the country to the devastation which that would mean, they would accept decisive battle in the frontier regions. Even if that entailed the quick and final destruction of the regular army it would at least maintain its honour and traditions. The long pause which occurred after the Allied dash through France and Belgium reached its limits, may have raised hopes that General Eisenhower would postpone his final offensive till after the winter and that the Allies, war-weary, might then be induced to agree to terms short of unconditional surrender in order to avoid embarking on another major effort.

If that was their hope, General Eisenhower's announcement that there would be no postponement faced them with the alternative of adopting Hitler's (or Himmler's) policy or of accepting decisive battle in the frontier defences from which there could be little hope of withdrawal and still less of victory. General Eisenhower has made it plain that in his opinion the German General Staff has adopted the latter course, and that they will fight the decisive battle west of the Rhine : that is, in the zone of their frontier defences. Up to the time of writing, all the indications are that his judgement is correct. Wherever the Allies have crossed the frontier the Germans are fighting for every yard of ground, and are flinging their scanty reserves into the struggle in desperate counter-attacks. Only in Holland and in Alsace and Lorraine where the fight has not been on German soil have there been withdrawals under pressure, either as a deliberate policy or by force of circumstances; and there is no sign that the withdrawal will be continued beyond the frontier region.

COUNTER-ATTACKS Delivered by Enemy at Terrific Cost

The decisive battle has undoubtedly been joined on the Aix-la-Chapelle (Aachen) front, and it will, I think, soon be extended to the Saar front. How long it may continue in defences of such great strength and depth it is impossible to predict. Much probably depends on the weather, which up to date has been all in favour of the defence, reducing air co-operation to a minimum and clogging the movements of the attacking troops. Yet the rate of attrition has evidently been very high—much higher than if the Germans could afford to give ground and were not compelled to carry counter-attacking tactics to desperate extremes. Counter-attacks undoubtedly may check the rate of the Allied advance, but delivered in face of an immense weight of artillery fire and met by stubborn resistance their cost is terrific. Ludendorff, it may be remembered, intervened in the Somme battle, in the last war, to prohibit excessive expenditure of troops in counter-attacks delivered simply with the object of recovering worthless trenches. He in that case could afford to give ground, but Von Rundstedt, because he cannot, seems compelled to adopt a practice Ludendorff condemned.

How far the amazing success of the French 1st Army in breaking through the Belfort Gap, and the equally wonderful thrust of the U.S. 7th Army, led by General Leclerc's 2nd Armoured Division, through the Saverne gap to Strasbourg (see illus. page 490) will dislocate German plans for a deliberate withdrawal to the Siegfried Line, remains to be seen. They have certainly added greatly to the rate of attrition and have caused a gap which the Germans may have difficulty in filling, even though a high percentage of second quality troops might be used with reasonable safety since there can be no question of an attempt to cross the Rhine in the reaches exposed. The moral effect of these two remarkable feats may be as important as their strategical results.

THEY must have brought home to the Nazis the fact that the French Army, whose strength and fighting qualities they had probably underestimated, is actually a powerful force of great offensive capacity. They must also have revealed the danger of placing much reliance on their own second or third quality troops. Strategically it is less important that the Rhine has been (or soon will be) reached on a broad front, than that the long active front in the Vosges has been replaced by a strong defensive flank, thereby releasing a considerable part of the U.S. 7th Army and French 1st Army for fresh undertakings.

FIELD-MARSHAL SIR H. ALEXANDER was promoted from General, it was announced on Nov. 27, 1944, with effect from June 4, the date of the capture of Rome. On the first-named date his appointment was also announced as Supreme Allied Commander Mediterranean theatre. *Photo, British Official*

So far, as I have said, it is only on the Aix-la-Chapelle (Aachen) front that the decisive battle has definitely opened. There, despite desperate German resistance and unfavourable conditions, Allied progress has been continuous if slow. It is obvious that the Germans are determined at all costs to cover approaches to the Ruhr. They have concentrated picked troops and have staged counter-attacks on a scale never reached in Normandy, except in the ill-fated attempt to cut General Patton's communications at Avranches. Yet even the heaviest counter-attacks have failed conspicuously to recover ground to any important extent, although naturally in a swaying battle tactical features may change hands several times before the issue is finally decided. There can, I think, be little doubt that General Eisenhower did not count on an early break-through.

He probably hoped to compel the Germans to stand and fight a decisive battle under conditions in which the processes of attrition would be inescapable and opportunities for evasion absent. Under modern conditions of mobility it is very hard by manoeuvre to bring the enemy to decisive battle ; he is apt to escape from the most promising pincer movements. Where, however, a vital objective which the enemy must defend can be threatened he may be brought to bay, although that may often entail attacking him frontally in a position of his own selection. With defensive positions organized in depth, coupled with the defensive power of modern weapons, the crisis of such a battle is likely to be long delayed before the enemy is weakened or so thrown off his balance as to give an opening for a conclusive thrust.

RED ARMY FRONT IN HUNGARY as it appeared on Nov. 29, 1944, when it was announced that, in a new offensive, troops of the 3rd Ukrainian front, under Marshal Tolbukhin, had crossed the Danube, south of Budapest, on a 90-mile front. *By courtesy of The Times*

GERMAN Armoured Reserve Held for a Desperate Death-Ride

The battle of the Aix-la-Chapelle (Aachen) front is far from over, and there is likely to be much bitter fighting before the line of the Roer is passed and its strong points, such as Julich and Düren, captured. Beyond that line, however, the Rhine plain may afford better opportunities of bringing about a really decisive encounter. The Germans are reported still to have a strong armoured force in reserve, and I believe they would not shrink from using it in a desperate death-ride.

On the Lorraine front the Germans are now back behind the Saar almost everywhere, and in places General Patton's troops are in contact with the outpost zone of the Siegfried Line. He has had much hard fighting, but it is evident that the Germans have not stood with the same stubbornness as on the Aix-la-Chapelle (Aachen) front. They have avoided making heavy sacrifices at Metz, at St. Avold, or in attempts to hold the works of the Maginot Line. They have, however, counter-attacked frequently when Patton's thrust threatened to disturb the orderly conduct of their withdrawal. Their object has evidently been to exhaust his troops and to increase the strain on his long lines of communication before he is in a position from which he can mount a decisive attack on their main defences. If they can delay or repel his attack they might then accept the risk of transferring some of their reserves to the Aix-la-Chapelle front.

The success of the 7th Army will, however, go far to upset any such plan, for obviously it will now be able to advance along the west bank of the Rhine in co-operation with Patton's right, and in ever-increasing strength as the Germans are driven out of the Vosges across the Rhine. There can be no question of either the French or 7th Army attempting to cross the Rhine in its Basle-Strasbourg reaches, but the clearing of the Vosges will open new lines of communication, well protected on their right by the Rhine, for an army operating northwards along the west bank of the river. A powerful attack in this direction will, of course, mean a great increase of the length of front on which the Germans must stand fast.

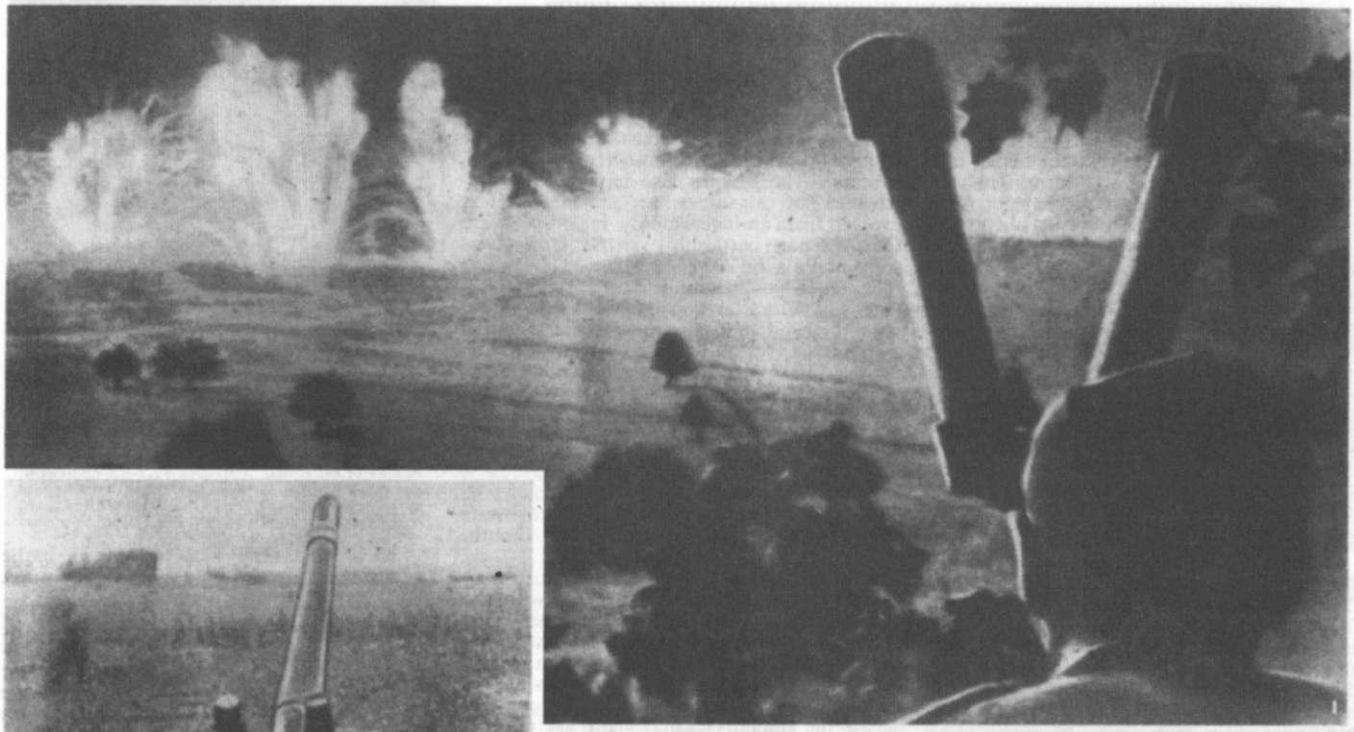
British Thrust at Venlo on the Ruhr Highway

PRODDING THE VENLO-GEILENKIRCHEN SECTOR of the Western Front (see map in page 451), spearheads of the British 2nd and the U.S. 9th Armies were engaged in some of the stiffest fighting of the war in early December 1944. A heavily camouflaged British M.10 anti-tank gun (see illus. page 482) rumbles through a Dutch border village to the line (1). Armed against cold and rain, this British tank crew wear their new head-to-foot one-piece suits (2).

British sappers clearing enemy minefields near Geilenkirchen (captured on November 19) left warning notices (4). A U.S. soldier fancied pork for dinner (3), though fighting was going on round the corner at Metz, cleared by November 22. Refugees pass British 2nd Army troops (5), during their full-scale attack towards Venlo, on the east bank of the Maas, launched on Nov. 14 (see illus. page 491).

Photos, British and U.S. Official, British Newspaper Pool, Keystone

Marshal Tolbukhin Breaks Through in Hungary



"ARTILLERY DAY" was celebrated all over the Soviet Union on November 19, 1944, in honour of the power of the Red Army's artillery, the "God of War," as Stalin described it. Ten days later the Russian Commander-in-Chief announced a powerful new offensive under Marshal Tolbukhin on the Hungarian sector, in which vast areas on the western bank of the Danube south of Budapest had been broken through on a front of 90 miles to a depth of 25 miles.

A spotter's view (1) of the effect of intensive Russian mortar fire on German and Hungarian positions. On the Budapest sector a gun crew goes into action (2). Across an improvised bridge, supported on rough-hewn logs, this artillery unit (3) hastens over the Tisza in pursuit of the enemy. Motorized infantry pass through the important town of Szeged (4), between the Rivers Tisza and Danube.

(See map in p. 483.)

Photos, Pictorial Press

THE WAR AT SEA

by Francis E. McMurtrie

With the clearance of the channel of the Scheldt (see illus. pages 463-466), leading up to Antwerp, one of the finest ports in the world will be at the disposal of the Allies as the main base through which supplies will flow. This will inevitably accelerate the speed of the advance into Germany, for up to now Allied armies have been dependent on the French Channel ports, none of which approaches Antwerp in its capacity or the extent of its equipment. Moreover, the distance overland has been reduced by some 200 miles, a very important matter in view of the damage done to French and Belgian railway communications.

In clearing the Scheldt so quickly the minesweeping service has once more shown that it can always be depended upon to rise to the occasion. After the landings in Normandy on D-Day it was responsible for the removal of 1,600 mines in the areas immediately east and west of Seine Bay.

A belated announcement last month of the award of a D.S.O. to Sub-Lieutenant Causer, R.N.R., and of the Conspicuous Gallantry Medal to A.B. Harry Smith, revealed that the Italian cruiser Bolzano was sunk at Spezia on the night of June 21-22, 1944. Sitting astride a so-called "human torpedo," which was launched from a depot ship under cover of darkness, these two brave men, with their heads just above water, succeeded in approaching the Bolzano undetected and attaching the explosive warhead of the torpedo to her hull.

From the parent ship, outside the port, gunfire and searchlights were observed, suggesting that an alarm had been raised. Neither member of the party returned, but Sub.-Lieut. Causer is known to have been made prisoner. Air reconnaissance showed that the cruiser had capsized and sunk, so there could be no doubt of the result of the expedition. Its success was the more remarkable, as the Germans must have been well aware of the danger of such an attempt being made, in view of the previous exploit at Palermo in January 1943 when the cruiser Ulpio Traiano and a transport were sunk by British "human torpedoes" (see illus. page 775, Vol. 7).

Moreover, the Germans themselves have employed "human torpedoes," of a slightly different type, against Allied ships covering landings on the Italian coast and later in the Channel after D-Day, though without much success. The Italians also have used a contrivance of a somewhat similar nature, evolved from an invention by means of which the Austrian battleship Viribus Unitis was sunk at Pola on October 31, 1918. Though they failed to accomplish anything by this means at Gibraltar and Malta in the present war, they did manage to disable the battleships Queen Elizabeth and Valiant in the port of Alexandria towards the end of 1941, a fact which was not disclosed until some two years afterwards.

Royal Australian Navy's Great Record Officially Revealed

Particulars of the good work done by the Royal Australian Navy were revealed by its Minister, Mr. N. J. O. Makin, last month. All through the hazardous days of 1941-42 there were never less than one Australian cruiser and five destroyers serving with the Mediterranean Fleet at any one time, while other units of the R.A.N. were in action against the Italians in the Red Sea; they were also engaged in the operations in the Persian Gulf and in the escort of convoys across the Indian Ocean. There are now no fewer than 347 ships in the R.A.N., including four cruisers, 11 destroyers, two sloops, at least four frigates, 55 fleet minesweepers, one repair ship, two auxiliary minelayers, 35 motor launches, three boom working vessels, three infantry landing ships, one fleet oiler, and more than 200 miscellaneous auxiliaries and small craft (see illus. page 264, Vol. 7).

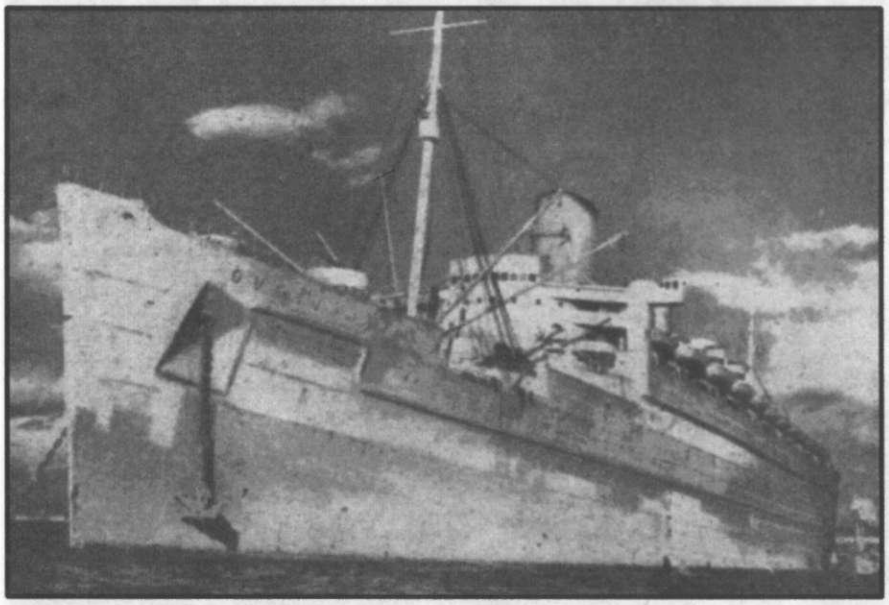
Allied forces engaged in the Battle of the Philippines included the Australian cruisers Australia and Shropshire and the destroyers Arunta and Warramunga, which were attached to Vice-Admiral Kincaid's Seventh Fleet. As already related (page 422, and illus. page 429), H.M.A.S. Australia sustained damage and nearly 100 casualties in this action. The Shropshire engaged a Japanese battleship, possibly either the Fuso or Yamasiro, which later sank; and the Arunta formed one of the units of a destroyer flotilla which closed with the enemy battle squadron and fired torpedoes at short range.

CREW OF A 4·5 GUN at action stations in one of H.M. ships. This is a dual-purpose gun, capable of high- or low-angle fire. Among the ships equipped with it are the Queen Elizabeth, the Valiant and Renown. *Photo, British Official*

The infantry landing ships Kanimbla, Manoora and Westralia participated in the invasion of Leyte, under cover of bombardment from the Australian squadron. For six hours prior to the landing the Shropshire had been carrying in her paravane (mine defence apparatus), only 15 feet from the ship's side, a Japanese mine which she had picked up at midnight, as the fleet was approaching the island. In order to preserve the element of surprise, no attempt was made to destroy the mine until the assault was launched. Up to November ships of the Royal Australian Navy had been officially credited with the sinking or probable destruction of 27 enemy submarines. Australian ships lost in action number nine, viz., the cruisers Canberra, Perth and Sydney; the destroyers Nestor, Vampire and Waterhen; the sloops Parramatta and Yarra; and the fleet minesweeper Armidale. Casualties to personnel total 269 officers and 2,346 ratings. Awards to personnel number 568.

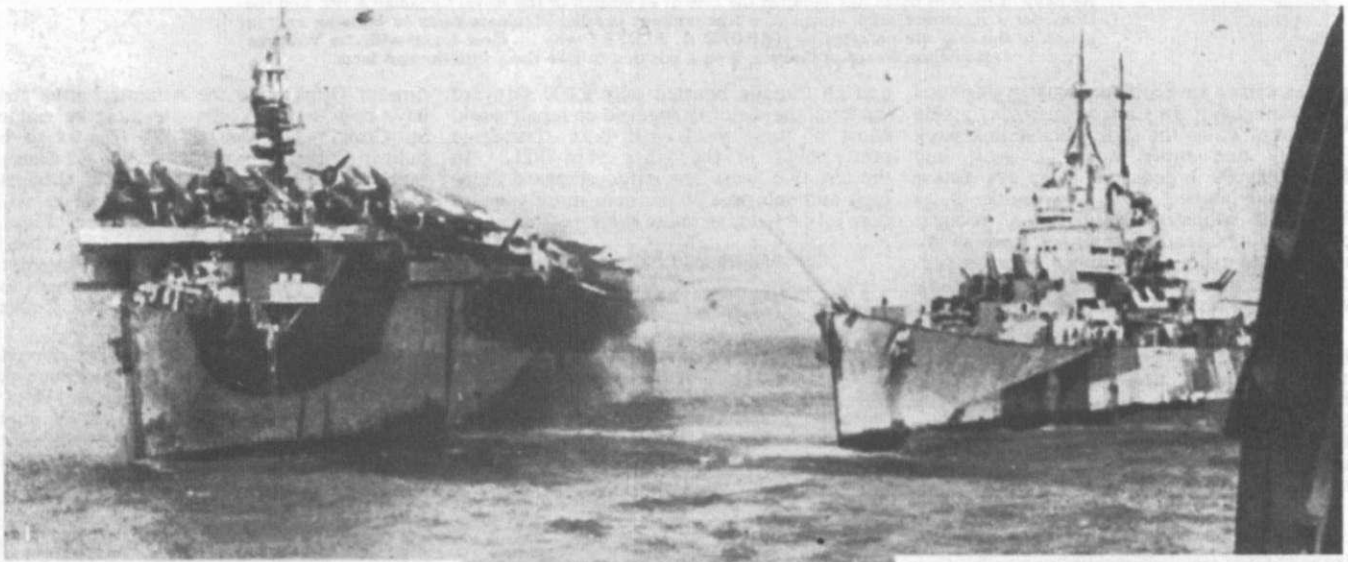
Further details of utmost interest have been disclosed as the result of a careful expert examination of all the photographic evidence concerning the attack by Lancasters of the R.A.F. Bomber Command on the German battleship Tirpitz at Tromso on November 12 (see illus. page 477). Although only the after part of the ship can be seen clearly in the views taken after she capsized, it is obvious that she sustained two direct hits and one near miss, all on the port side. The first hit is believed to have been in the region of the athwartships catapult, and the second close to the after rangefinder, while the near miss occurred off the port quarter, in the neighbourhood of "Y" turret. It is believed that at least one other direct hit was made, but this cannot be ascertained with certainty from those photographs. As the bombs were dropped, each of the attacking aircraft took photographs of the operation, and in one case films were taken with cine-cameras.

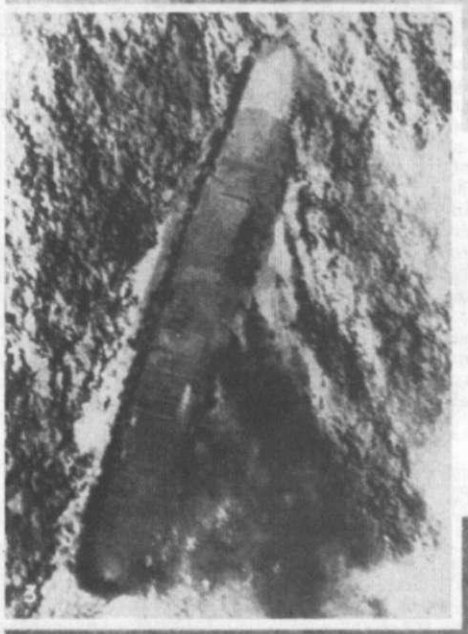
The first bomb dropped (by Wing-Commander Tait) scored the direct hit near the catapult. It was followed by a cone-shaped mass of smoke. The fourth bomb dropped caused a brilliant flash and explosion by the after rangefinder. The ninth bomb burst 30 feet from the port quarter, its explosion being followed by a high column of heavy black smoke, succeeded by a thin and concentrated light-coloured jet from amidships, such as might have been produced by a boiler explosion. Bomb No. 14 was also a near miss, close behind the ship's stern.



80,000-TON LINER QUEEN MARY, completed in 1936, has carried several thousands of troops since the outbreak of war—always unescorted, because she is too fast to sail in convoy. In 1940, when the Nazis learned that she was being used as a troopship, U-boats were ordered to sink her at all costs. They've been trying ever since. *Photo, British Official*

Japanese Navy Routed in Big Philippines Action





FIVE DAYS AFTER the Leyte landings (see illus. page 429) the U.S. Pacific Fleet, on October 24, 1944, routed a large Japanese force, including battleships and carriers, sinking or damaging 30 of the warships and destroying 150 aircraft. Though U.S. losses were slight they included the light fleet carrier Princeton, set ablaze by enemy planes, and here seen (1) being hosed by a cruiser. Outlined against the burning Princeton, a cruiser stands by for survivors (2). Smoke-screened, this stricken Japanese carrier (3) unsuccessfully attempted to escape. An enemy dive-bomber misses the target—an aircraft-carrier (4)—during the U.S. attack on Formosa on October 11-12.

Photos, Keystone, Associated Press

Canada's Mighty Wartime Seafaring Expansion

No navy of modern times has equalled the rate of expansion of the Royal Canadian Navy, and the Dominion's merchant ship output is a feat without parallel; achievements in building and in action in this war are narrated by HAROLD A. ALBERT who, in close touch with the Wartime Information Board of Canada, is in a position to give these little-known facts.

SOMEWHERE in Canada today a ship was launched. In Canada yesterday a ship went down the slips. Six ships a week for fifty and more weeks a year, and $1,000,000,000 orders piling up for future cargo ships alone! Is it any wonder if, as Munitions Minister C. D. Howe recently pointed out, Canada's shipyard workers are turning out twice the number of ships produced by an equal number of American workers? This feat is all too little known.

The avenging success of the destroyer H.M.C.S. Haida (*see* page 25), is fresh in our minds. Canadian destroyers have also been Hun-busting in the Channel and ramming U-boats in mid-Atlantic, and the frigate-Fairmile-M.T.B. dragnet against enemy submarines in the gulf of St. Lawrence has gained innumerable victories.

In the Mediterranean recently Canadian corvettes sank two U-boats within a day or two. Across the North Atlantic—scene of a hundred grim Nazi-Canuck battles—upwards of 100 million tons of food, munitions and essential materials had been convoyed by the Canadians in four years of war. One corvette, H.M.C.S. Matapedia, completed 100,000 miles in 2½ years without having a single ship torpedoed or lost. And for the most part these triumphs have been achieved with Canadian-built ships, Canadian-manned. No navy of modern times has equalled the rate of expansion of the "R.C.N."; and Britain's own merchant ship output has been surpassed by our Dominion brothers.

EVEN the statistics can be deceptive. Canada's yards in 1943, for instance, turned out only 100 naval and escort vessels against 117 in 1942, but last year's programme was of a more difficult and costly nature. Canada's production of cargo vessels will show a slight drop this year. What wonder when the 1943 figure of 150 ships totalling 1,478,000 dead-weight tons nearly doubled 1942 production? Of a total of 4,300 orders for small craft, too, 3,600 have been delivered. And there are to be more naval craft this year.

Yet in 1940 there were only 14 yards in all Canada that had ever taken a 130-footer. In the Toronto area only two ferry-boats had been built on the lake-sides in twenty years, and all Canada boasted only 3,000 shipyard workers, the majority engaged on repair work. Most of these yards had been considered pretty busy in the years 1918-1921. In the last two years one cargo shipyard alone built and delivered 30 per cent more tonnage than all 14 yards in those three years.

Deckhand and Ship's Waiter

The boom in shipbuilding, and the swelling strength of the Canadian Navy, are all part of the same big story. It is illustrated in the example of the Simard Brothers, of Sorel, Quebec, one formerly a deckhand, another a ship's waiter. They built up in the course of years a dredging business. While Hitler was flinging his fiery threats at Europe, they dredged out and cemented a launching basin. It has only six large berths, but now the Simards lay 10 or 12 keels at a time, shifting the hulls as they progress on to a marine railway which lowers them to water bow-first.

At the outbreak of war, too, the Royal Canadian Navy mustered a mere token force of six destroyers, five minesweepers, a training ship, a ketch and a couple of tugs, but their reply to the British Admiralty question of when they could start convoy duty was a laconic, "At once!" From a force of 1,800 men, the R.C.N. has expanded to 90,000—as many as were in the Royal Navy in September 1939—and they are further supplemented ashore by the 5,500 volunteers of the Woman's Royal Canadian Naval Service. One remembers the 25 Canadian midshipmen who arrived at a British port some time ago to serve in battleships and cruisers of the Royal Navy. They were from the first class to graduate from the new Royal Canadian Naval College at Royal Roads, British Columbia.

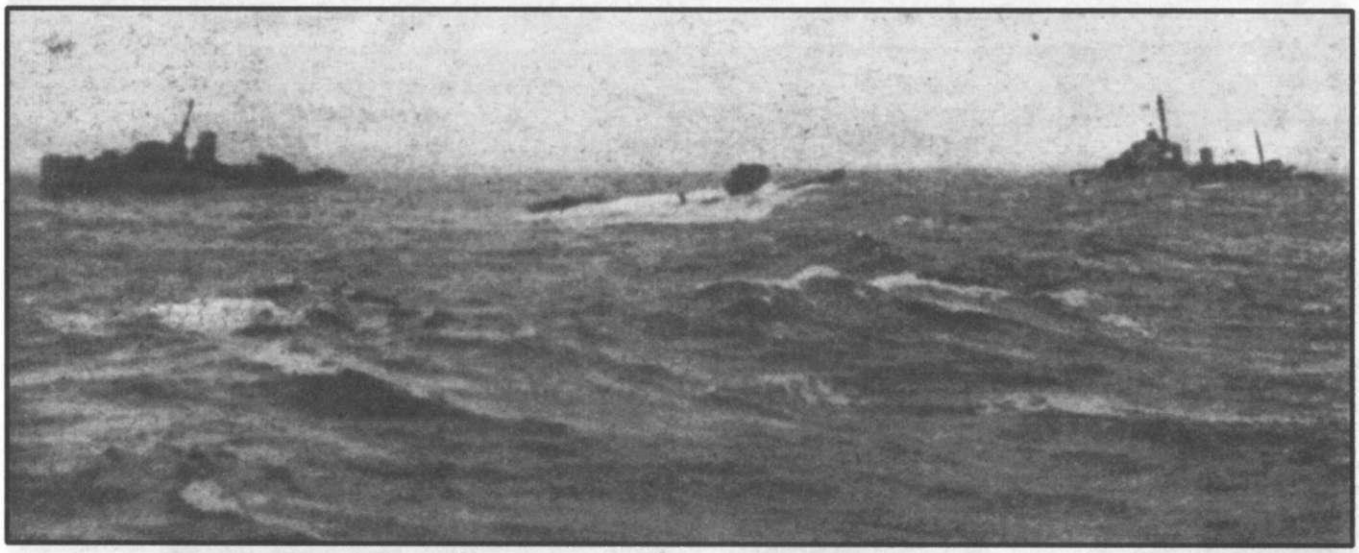
FOR manpower must keep pace with ships and the latest official figure of *delivered* ships stands at 330 fighting vessels and 100 special service vessels, as well as smaller craft. They range from the powerful destroyer Micmac to the Island class escort trawlers now in service around the British coast.

Glance for a moment at their fighting records, ranging from the valour of the St. Laurent and Restigouche during the time of Dunkirk to the Atlantic battles that have cost us the Valleyfield and the gallant St. Croix. The first of 424 frigates to be built in Canadian yards, H.M.C.S. Waskesiu, was appropriately the first Canadian frigate to sink a U-boat. "We opened up with everything we had," her skipper, Lieut.-Com. William Fraser, told me. "Our No. 1 Oerlikon never wasted a cartridge: they were all dead on the conning-tower. When the submarine came into position, No. 2 Oerlikon picked it up and blasted it."

There was the time when the corvette Ville de Quebec depth-charged a submarine, riddled it with 150 shells from quick-firers, rammed it and sank it, all within nine minutes of a January afternoon in the Western Med. There was the unforgettable duel of the Chambly and Moose-Jaw with a U-boat, whose captain ingloriously jumped on to the attacking corvette and abandoned his ship and crew. Such spectacular incidents typify the team-work of the whole. It can now be revealed, for instance, that enemy submarines mined the approaches to Halifax harbour last summer in an arc intended to close the port to all shipping. R.C.N. minesweepers cleared a channel 1,200 yards wide within one day to permit a convoy to sail, and the channel was maintained till the entire mine-infested area was cleared.

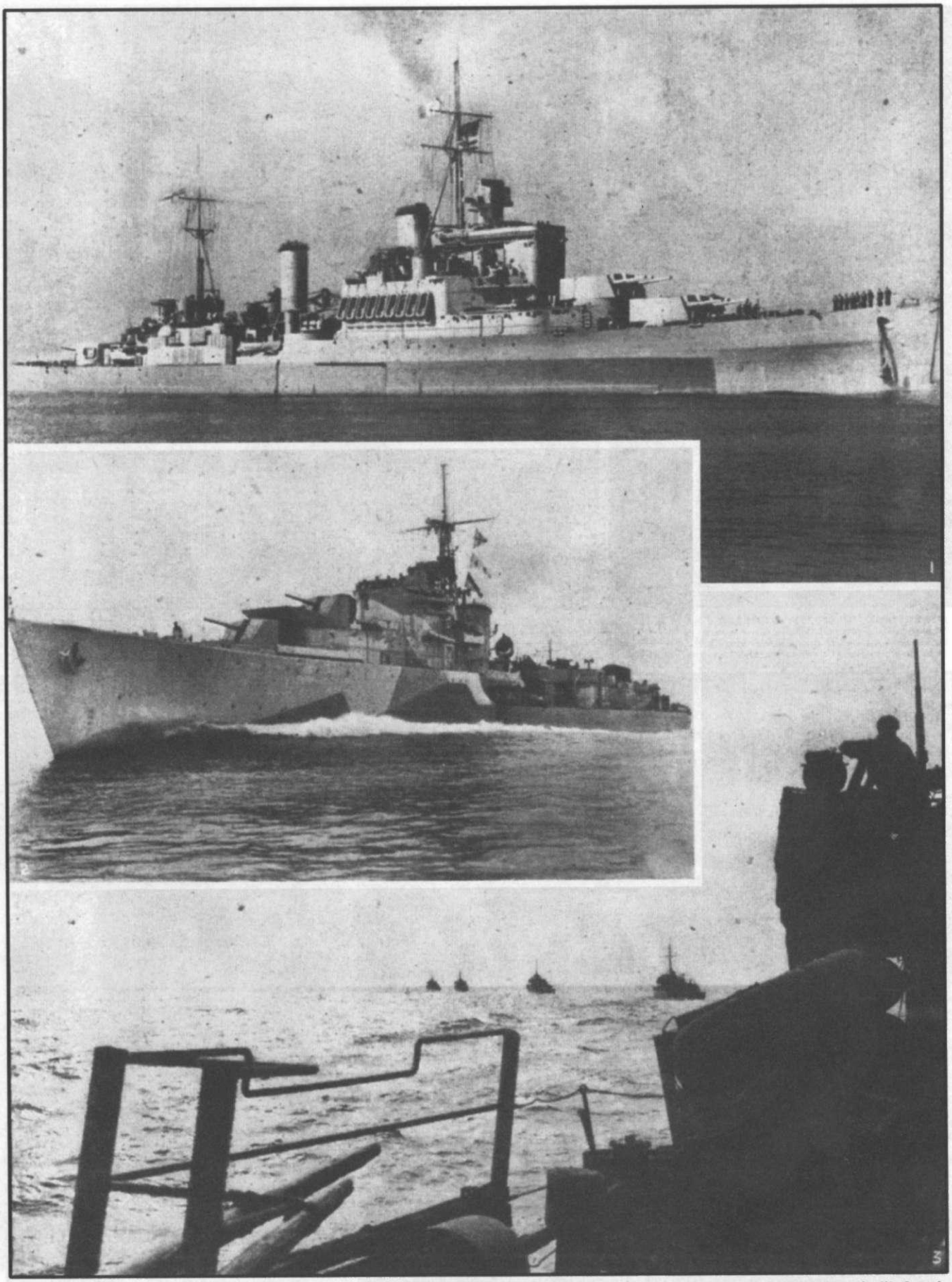
INDIVIDUALLY, one recalls the heroism of ratings of the corvette Oakville, who jumped aboard a U-boat during ramming operations and chased the whole crew into the sea. The crew of the minesweeper H.M.C.S. Georgian were similarly commended recently when, on convoy escort duty amid heavy seas, icebergs and fog, they rescued ten U.S. Army flyers from almost certain death in the North Atlantic. Nearly 2,000 have given their lives in the cause. More than 100 have been decorated for bravery in action and hundreds more have been mentioned in dispatches.

Such is the Royal Canadian Navy, tried, tested and proved in over five years of conflict at sea—a full partner with the navies of Great Britain and the United States. "A most formidable striking force," said the Canadian Naval Minister, Angus Macdonald. "A force which is making its weight felt on many sea fronts." An understatement.



CAPTURE OF THIS U-BOAT in the North Atlantic in a dashing combined action by ships of an escort group under Commander P. W. Burnett, D.S.C., was a typically brilliant exploit of the Royal Canadian Navy, whose remarkable war record is outlined in this page. Forced below for many hours the U-boat, seen between the corvettes Chilliwack and the St. Catharine's, was finally depth-charged to the surface and disabled. The crew surrendered, and the U-boat was then sent to the bottom. *Photo. Canadian Official*

The Dominion Takes Over Royal Navy Ships



FIRST OF TWO NEW CRUISERS transferred from the R.N. to the Royal Canadian Navy, late in 1944, was the 8,000-ton Uganda (1), famed "veteran" of Salerno. Among the fastest destroyers afloat, H.M.C.S. Sioux was originally designed for the Royal Navy, but was transferred to the R.C.N. while still being built (2). Minesweepers of the R.C.N. head for port after a prolonged sweep off the French coast (3). An account of the phenomenal expansion of the Dominion's naval and merchant services is given in the facing page.

Photos, Royal Canadian Navy

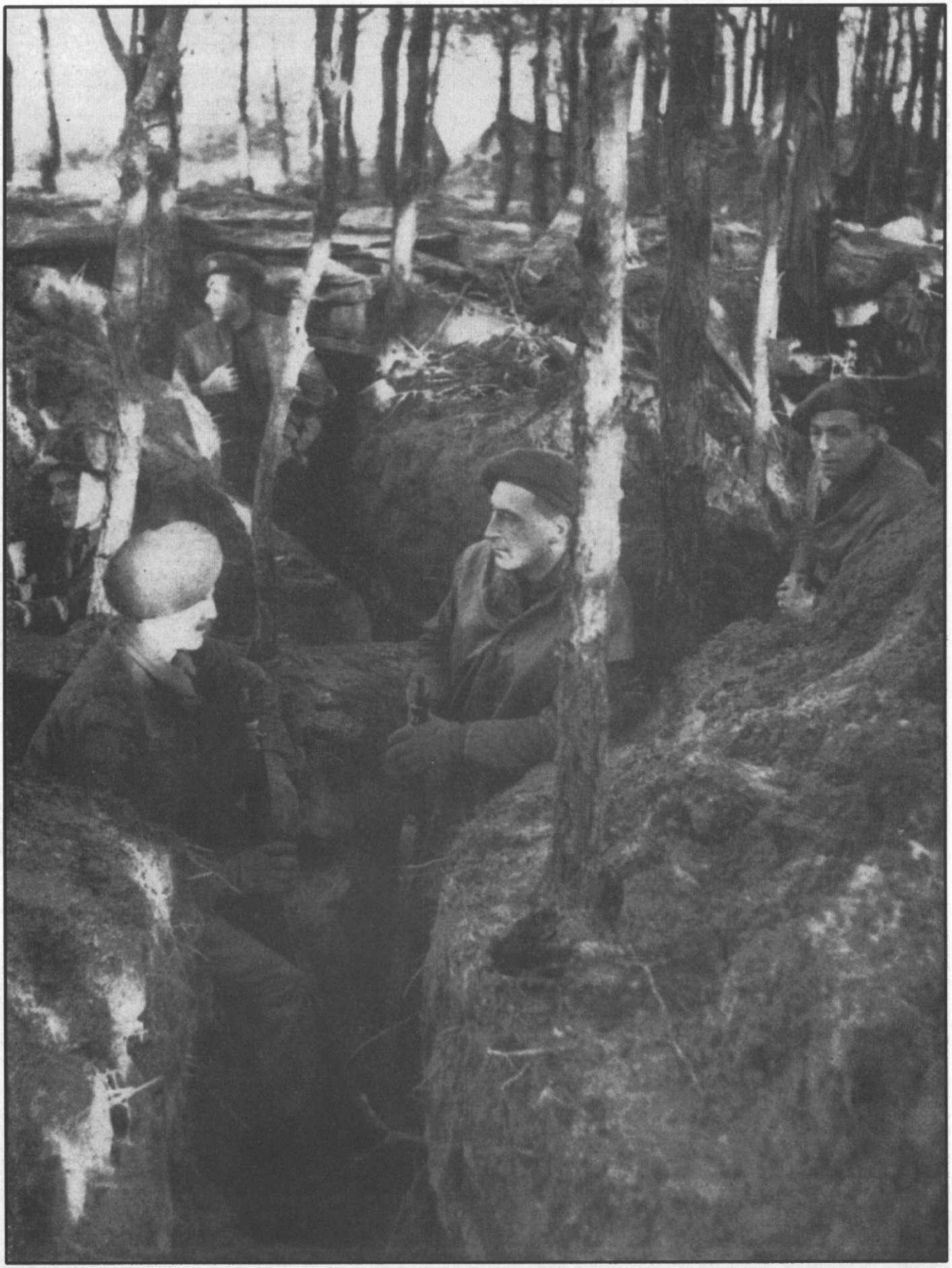
The Tricolour Flies Again Over Alsace-Lorraine

SPEARHEADING FROM SAVERNE, General Leclerc's 2nd French Armoured Division, operating with the U.S. 7th Army, penetrated the city of Strasbourg, capital of Alsace, on November 23, 1944, following their split-up of the German 15th Army. Strasbourg, 2 miles west of the Rhine famous fortress-town since Roman times and French for centuries, was in German hands from 1870-1918. Placarding a portrait of Hitler on their radiator, these French poilus (right) entered the city; while the retreating enemy continued shelling, setting Allied transport ablaze (left). (See pages 308-9, Vol. I).

STRIKING TOWARDS THE SAAR BASIN, troops of the U.S. 3rd Army took the ancient Lorraine fortress-city of Metz in their stride Reichwards on November 20, 1944. For the first time in 2,000 years this great French bastion was captured by frontal assault. Prisoners waiting for transport to captivity (left). U.S. infantrymen break into a house to clear it of enemy stragglers (right).

Photos, U.S. Official, Planet News

2nd Army Infantrymen Dig In Along the Maas



AGAINST A TIDE OF MUD AND MINES, General Dempsey's British 2nd Army on November 14, 1944, launched a new attack south-east of Eindhoven in Holland, to secure the area within the bend of the River Maas, west of Venlo. By December 4 the last enemy pocket had been eliminated at Blerick, and the British forces were solidly established along the west bank of the river: dug-outs and temporary shacks afforded some little shelter from the bleak wintry weather of the Lowlands. *Photo, British Official*

Boredom is Banished in Time Off From Battle

In a series of energetic drives against that "fed-up" feeling which threatens to envelop the fighting man in even the briefest intervals of leisure, very real service is being rendered on the various fronts by organizations and teams of entertainers whose one object is to abolish tedium. Some of their outstanding achievements are instanced here by MARK PRIESTLEY.

PROLONGED combat can wreck men's nerves and minds, and boredom can produce an equally real decline in fighting efficiency; but spare time behind the battle lines today has star attractions. Hardly had we won Poperinghe, in September 1944, when Talbot House, birthplace in the last war of the Toc H movement, was put in order again and flung open to a second generation of soldiers in Belgium as a homely port of call.

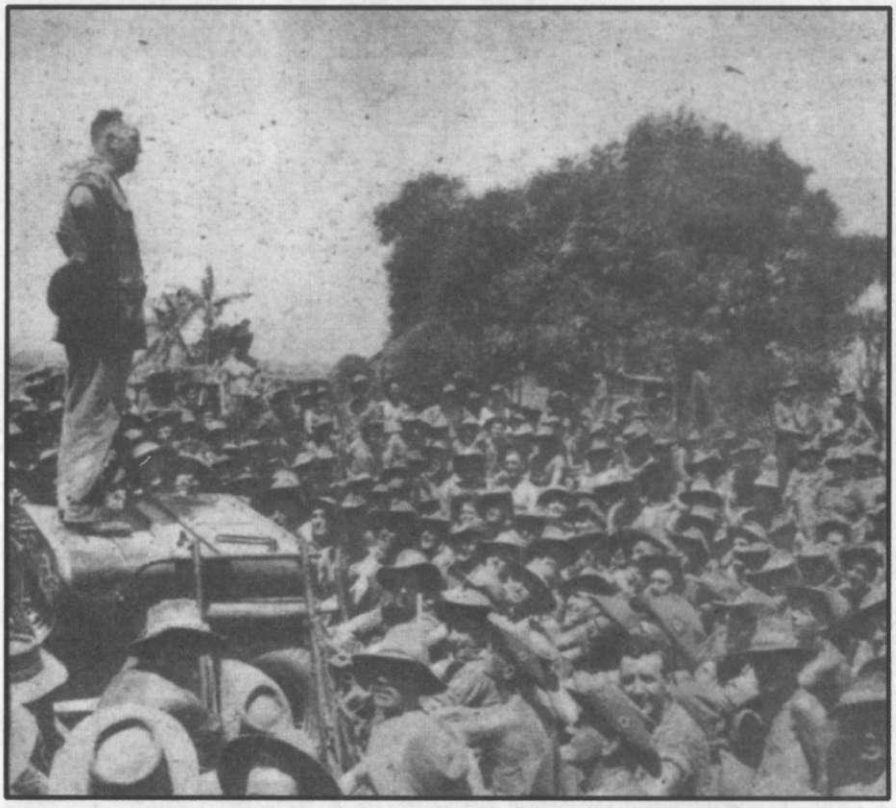
Scarcely was the first R.A.F. airstrip laid on European soil, when a 10th century castle, a former German headquarters, was fitted up with showers, baths, billiard-tables, canteens and a theatre, and launched with a "Gang Show" as a Malcolm Club attraction. It was the seventh of these clubs—for R.A.F. personnel, founded in memory of Wing-Commander H. G. Malcolm, V.C.—in a hospitality chain stretching from Algiers through Tunis, Bari, San Severo and Naples to Rabat; others have since opened in Brussels and elsewhere in the wake of advancing troops.

ENSA (Entertainments National Service Association) opened its eighteenth static cinema at Eindhoven, in Holland, when the little town still had a prime place in the war news. NAAFI (Navy, Army and Air Force Institutes) and kindred activities established no less than 160 canteens within three months from D-Day (June 6, 1944).

Never before have armies been backed so well by mobile columns of entertainment. Paris was no sooner open to Allied soldiers when battle-weary boys straight from the line found themselves on leave in the palatial hotel that is now the A.E.F. Club, enjoying free sight-seeing trips, free seats for a Bobby Howes and Frances Day show at the famous Marigny Theatre, and seemingly limitless supplies of ice-cream and white wine.

IN the same way, when General Patton's Army gained a brief respite along the Moselle, rest-camps were swiftly established behind the front line, and troops were drafted back, often for several days at a time, for a spell of uninterrupted sleep at night, hot baths, clean clothes and entertainment. The experiment perhaps originated in a rest-cure scheme that is being practised in the Pacific and has proved no less successful. Flyers from such forward bases as Tarawa and Kwajalein have been returned at the rate of hundreds a week to cattle ranches in the Hawaiian group, and it is found that a few days as cowboys and ranch hands enables them to overcome flying and hospital fatigue alike. "This isn't coddling," say their hosts. "We keep them fit to fight." One ace pilot had a bad crash and even requested to be removed from flying duty. After a spell on a ranch he was ready to go back, and soon he chalked up another success on his score sheet.

There is concern for the lads of the valiant 14th Army in Burma, faced as they are with boredom and communication difficulties of a half-mountainous, half-flooded, sniper-infested terrain. Stars of the magnitude of Vera Lynn, Elsie and Doris Waters and Stainless Stephen have pushed through to Kohima and Arakan. The latter has told how the Chindits posted machine-gunners to prevent snipers picking him off. And concert parties have given performances to forward troops less than twenty miles from Japanese positions. Today, ten concert parties, five play companies, and a pool of artistes are operating in India, Ceylon and on the Burma frontier. "Nowhere too far!" would seem to be the motto of most entertainers. One group of ENSA girls recently went 7,000 feet up into the Waziristan mountains to a frontier outpost where no woman had ever set foot, in order to give a show to the largest permanent "men only" military station in the world. Another group, the ENSA Follies, travelled by plane and flat-bottomed river boat through the jungle in order to "cheer 'em up" at Manza Bay, in Tanganyika. "I've heard of these theatres of war," said a Tommy, "but I never thought they'd get quite this far!" Men of Paiforce gave a hearty reception to concerts given by Miriam Licette, Nancy Evans, Walter Widdop, Dennis Noble, Alfred Cave and Ivor Newton in the deserts of Persia and Iraq.



STAINLESS STEPHEN, well-known radio and variety star, mounted on an army vehicle, draws laughs from sunbaked troops of the British 36th Division enjoying respite from fighting on the Arakan sector of the Burma front (above). He did his act within firing distance of the line, and Chindits with machine-guns kept enemy snipers at bay.

GERMAN pockets of resistance were still being cleaned up in Antwerp when ENSA took over the largest theatre, and Richard Hearne stood on the roof to watch the progress of the fighting in the suburbs. Forsythe, Seaman and Farrell's sleeping coach stood one night so close to the lines that a German sentry guarded it all night, imagining it to be a Nazi lorry. He realized his mistake with the dawn, but the car driver was quicker. And Gertrude Lawrence nearly wandered into a seaport which was still in German hands, during one of her tours up and down the lines in France.

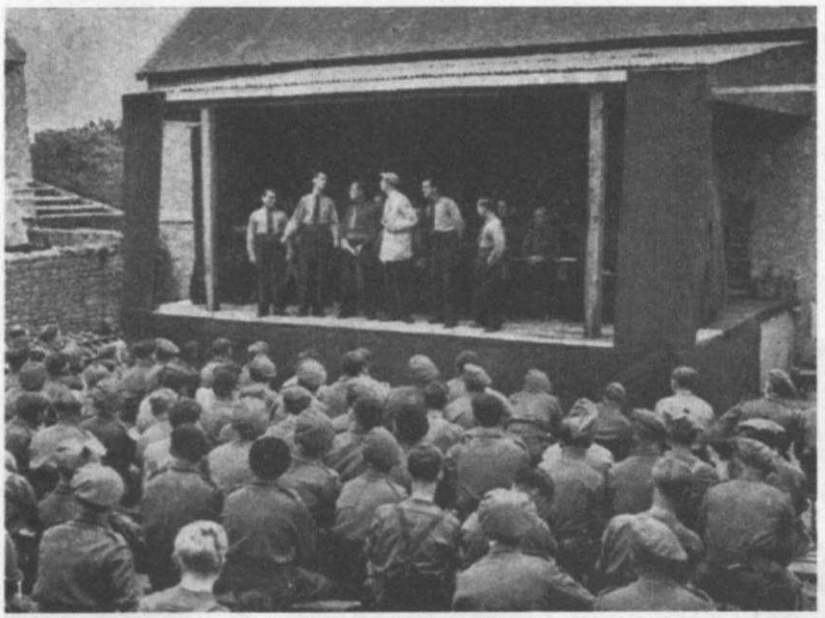
Yet individual efforts fade in the full panorama of entertainment offered the troops in their time off from battle. ENSA alone has given 30,000 cinema shows and over 12,000 stage shows overseas this year, to attendances totalling nearly 20 million Nor does this include the magnificent range of entertainment provided by ORBS (Overseas Recorded Broadcasting Service). Few people on the home front are aware of the programmes, ranging from dance-bands and musicals to plays like The Ringer and The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse, and others contributed by the Services themselves.

Rediffusion vans, equipped with libraries of 500 records, have given programmes to troops while actually on the move across Flanders, and natives in a recently liberated village have sometimes stared in wonder to see troops sitting down to listen to a play. As Basil Dean, ENSA chieftain, says, the rediffusion van, with its radio and gramophone, is a secret weapon in the war against that insidious enemy, boredom.

THEN there is the staunch work of the Army Kinema Service, with 150 mobile cinemas in North-West Europe alone, and which have given shows as close as 3,000 yards behind the fronts. In Italy, films were shown in dug-outs in the Anzio beach-head, where an audience of twelve was a full house and the sound of firing mingled with the music and dialogue of the film. On one occasion a mobile unit arrived in a cinema in time to help round-up German prisoners. Today the films which are being seen by the Army and the R.A.F. in Europe and elsewhere overseas run parallel with the programmes of Broadway and London's West End. Even the latest newsreels are delivered twice a week by air, and are shown within three days of their first screening in London.

Grouped behind the mobile cinemas are the mobile cinema workshops and film libraries ready to make immediate repairs, and constantly at work collecting new films and organizing distribution. The men who provide the shows are, of course, trained soldiers as well as technicians.

'Let the Forces Sing' Helps to Win the War



ENTERTAINMENT for the troops behind the battle-fronts is no scratch affair (see facing page). Famous stars, besides artistes among the troops themselves, have given thousands of performances to thousands of serving men and women—sometimes to the accompaniment of enemy guns. "Concert Party," the entertainment unit of the 50th (Northumbrian) Division, gave a show (1) in a Normandy farmyard in the summer of 1944. Formed in 1940, this unit travelled with the Division in the Middle East.

While Tilburg was under fire in November 1944, Ensa artiste Estelle Murison (2) entered it with the British 2nd Army, to display a poster announcing the arrival of the "Five Smart Girls" concert party. Beatrice Lillie entertained officers and ratings in one of our battleships (3). Treat for three Londoners on Paris leave was putting out their boots to be cleaned, in a hotel given over to the Forces (4). British artillerymen browsing in a mobile front-line library (5).

Photos, British Official, British Newspaper Pool, Planet News

Where Hitler's Own Last Battle Will Be Fought?

Fantastic as has been the career of "that man," the circumstances of his death may be even more so. The sordid climax approaches, and from information gathered from various sources Dr. EDGAR STERN-RUBARTH pieces together details of the possible manner and place of the passing of the ignoble Fuehrer, after a final outburst of terror and destruction.

It is safe to say that Hitler was never at any time quite sane, and excesses and privations during his early life have not improved an unbalanced brain. It appears now that he has a fantastic scheme to end his career in an "adequate" way. A mosaic of detailed information makes it possible to visualize this; allusions to a sort of neo-Teutonic "Twilight of the Gods" tally perfectly with the material facts.

The story starts, appropriately, with a cave. Caves have always played a great part in German legends. The Emperor Frederick Barbarossa—drowned, in fact, during a crusade in 1190, in the river Kalykadnos in Asia Minor—sits, according to German saga and poetry, forever in a cave under the Kyffhaeuser Mountain, his beard grown through the table, until a day when, as guardian of the German people, he will be called by a raven to mount his horse and lead the Germans to their final victory. Tannhauser, the Wagnerian hero, woos Venus in the "underworld" beneath Mount Hoersel, in Thuringia. The treasure of the Nibelungs is made and hoarded in their subterranean kingdom, and so forth. Germany possesses many mysterious or interesting caves, some natural, others remnants of forgotten mining operations. The caves where Hitler's own "last battle" is to be fought—with all the means of modern warfare—belong to the latter category.

"ENTER HITLER, HEAVILY CLOAKED," and (right) Himmler, after the attempt on the Fuehrer's life at his H.Q. on July 20, 1944 (see illus. in page 211). The incident, in which it was stated that Hitler was wounded, was followed by many rumours as to his whereabouts. Sinister world-wide plans for the continuance of Nazidom after Allied victory are disclosed in this page.
Photo from a captured German news-reel

At and around Hallein, a town some five miles from Hitler's mountain haunt at Berchtesgaden and about the same distance from the Austrian town of Salzburg, are enormous caves where, from prehistoric days until two or three centuries ago, rock salt was mined. Inter-connected by new tunnels, and linked with fortifications built all around that area between mountains ranging from 6,000 to 10,000 feet in height, these former salt-mines constitute a bombproof stronghold. There, Hitler intends to assemble his most important lieutenants, his best strategists and technicians, and an army of, say, 100,000 men. From there, by short-wave transmitter, he intends to direct the huge network of underground and guerilla fighters which Himmler commenced to organize many months ago.

This army is a most elaborate and sinister creation. As far as details are available, it may ultimately consist of three different elements: (1) Nazi, especially Gestapo and S.S. leaders, whose faces, voices and mannerisms are not generally known; (2) selected Hitler Youth trainees, now between 14 and 18 years of age; (3) fervent and proved Nazis of foreign nationality or descent; plus as many minor handymen, cutthroats, spies and liaison-men as possible.

The No. 1 men, many of whom have "died" of late, according to obituary notices in the Voelkischer Beobachter and other newspapers, in the prime of life, are going to be camouflaged. They may have "died" in order to be provided with authentic identity papers of an inconspicuous—possibly a previously penalized anti-Nazi—citizen of similar size, age, eye and hair-colour, his photograph exchanged, if necessary, for that of the new holder, and duly stamped. The real owner of such papers and passports, killed in an air raid, is meanwhile buried as an "unidentified body." Or they may obtain cleverly forged passports from satellite, even neutral, authorities, duly visa-ed. The tasks of the holders may be manifold: acting as deputies or successors to the present set of Nazi leaders; permeating the future administration of a democratic Germany with subversive and destructive conspirators; directing, in secret, acts of terror and violence, and so on.

Such acts will be the main job of the second category of Himmler's disciples, the cream of the "Ordensburgen"—the dozen or so special training schools for future Nazi leaders. To get into one of them and, finally, after another severe test as to complete fanaticism, discipline, unreasoning obedience, and physical fitness (in short, dehumanization), into one of the secret training camps created earlier this year by the Gestapo boss, a boy must hail from indubitable Germanic peasant or minor civil servant stock, must be strong and healthy, possibly blue-eyed and fair-haired, and brought up to sneer at Christianity, democracy, and other established beliefs.

With awe-inspiring midnight ceremonies, he is eventually sworn in and learns how to use all sorts of weapons, explosives, and other paraphernalia of underground warfare. He learns how to forge documents and identity papers; how to use invisible inks, Morse and light signals, word and cipher keys; how to preserve, by mnemonic tricks, messages and other confidential, unwritten information; how to apply psychological dodges in dealing with enemies, victims—and friends—in order to gain their help, their knowledge, or their silence. First aid and emergency surgery, chemistry and a number of crafts complete that unique curriculum, based upon a highly developed experience gleaned by the Nazis in fighting the underground movements in France, Poland, Greece and other countries.

Together with the third group, these boys, goaded, misguided, perverted from early youth, are destined to be Nazi "survivors" and tools for continuing, or reviving, the Swastika gospel. This third group has a similar training and task. As non-Germans, non-Nazis, possibly even well-prepared former victims of the Gestapo with authentic scars and forged release-papers from a concentration camp—some even, like a number of high Nazi officials, having voluntarily suffered the torture of such a camp, as a proof of their fanatical loyalty to Hitler—they have to go abroad. Mixing with fugitive foreign workers, or travelling officially by way of neutral countries, theirs is the "holy mission" of spreading discontent and rebellion, of rebuilding, or bringing underground, existing Nazi cells in many countries.

Some of the most trusted among them, as well as the future leaders among the Hitler Youth special trainees, are provided with secret watchwords, with lists of liaison officers in German and foreign government departments, and with access to the millions in foreign currency salted away abroad in the name of faithful citizens of the respective nationality. They have to finance, to direct, to assemble their subordinates; to pass on the orders, maybe for the assassination of this or that future member of government or parliament, this or that "collaborator" with the Allies; or for acts of terrorism, sabotage and, where possible, guerilla warfare against the victorious powers.

The system, which can be given here only in outline and which is still in development, is meant to be directed from Hitler's or—should he be eclipsed by disease or death—from Himmler's headquarters in the "Alpine Fortress," that network of impregnable caves and fortifications in sight of the Fuehrer's eyrie. The gang outside this citadel, in Germany as well as abroad, should by now be well camouflaged.

As for a Nazi "Maquis," whatever Himmler's cunning preparations, he cannot produce by magic that enthusiastic support of the population, that outside help and ultimate assault, which all through the bitter years of oppression kept the patriotic guerillas fighting, and sacrificing themselves. Yet for anti-Nazi and democratic Germans themselves, when trying to rehabilitate their country under Allied occupation, such fanatical thugs may constitute a danger.

But, unable to hold his fantastic underground fortress forever, even though it possesses food, water, medical supplies and all comforts in sufficiency for years, Adolf Hitler himself and a number of his most frenetic apostles plan an ultimate sacrifice by blowing up caves and mountains and fortifications with a bang, compared with which the Wagnerian "Twilight of the Gods" would appear as no more than a mere Guy Fawkes display.

Photos, British Newspaper Pool, Keystone

Side by Side the Allies Smash into Germany

Fighting on a big scale for the first time on German soil, British forces attacked Geilenkirchen, important Siegfried Line strongpoint north of Aachen, in conjunction with the U.S. 9th Army. Close-packed armour on the road between Gangelt and Geilenkirchen (bottom) took part in the terrific preliminary barrage. According to enemy report 20,000 shells fell in the town, which was captured by General Dempsey's 2nd Army tanks and U.S. infantry (top) on November 19, 1944.

First Snow Follows the Rain in Italy

Photos, British Official

During the six months' summer campaign in Italy, which carried the Allied armies from Cassino through Rome to just south of Bologna, half of the original German forces—or the equivalent of 15 full-strength divisions—had been destroyed, it was revealed in November 1944. Then came the snow. Heavy storms raged over the 5th Army front: a patrol of British riflemen are seen (top) returning to their positions. Clearing a 25-pounder gun of its white burden (bottom).

VIEWS & REVIEWS

Of Vital War Books

by Hamilton Fyfe

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There were not, however, among the Americans the same number of soft jobs he noticed in the British forces. For example,

A Newspaper Man In Service Harness

he tells of a Physical Training Instructor who had nothing to do except take a half-hour morning parade. "The rest of the time he spent mainly asleep, in bed with the window shut and the blankets drawn firmly over his head." Another man in charge of certain stores "was a regular soldier, otherwise his inactivity would have driven him mad long since . . . He assured me he had never been happier in his life." Then there was a young business man being trained for a commission, "an absolutely champion lead-swinger. He was a plausible talker and he fixed things for himself to a quite extraordinary degree, sent himself telegrams asking for himself to be sent on leave for business reasons, wrote himself letters on his firm's notepaper—and got away with everything."

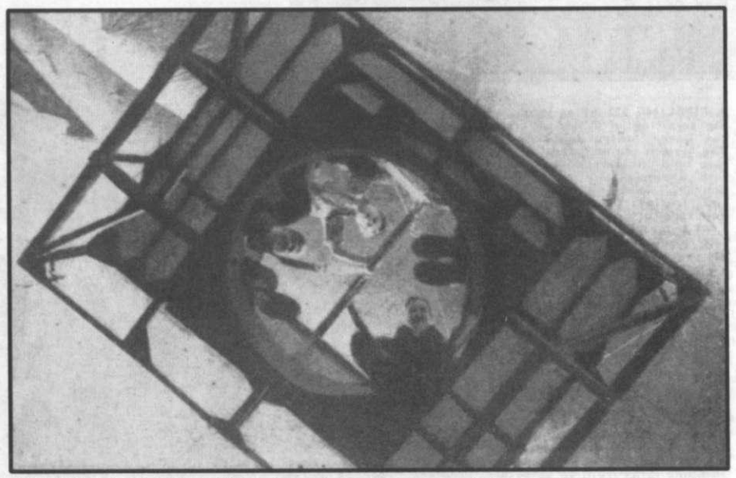
NOT many men would have wished as keenly as Cotterell did to accompany a bombing raid or to practise parachute jumping. He admits he was scared during both adventures, but that proves he didn't really feel any fear. The first time he dropped from a balloon with a parachute he had a moment of terror, his emotions seemed for that instant out of control, a sort of mental chaos overcame him. Then he felt his hands clutching his trousers and he remembered he had been told to do this, and his mental composure returned.

The jerk when the parachute opened was not so much of a shock as he had been led to anticipate. Of course, when your fall is suddenly brought up short you do feel it, "but you are so keyed up for radical physical experiences that it doesn't mean a thing." That first drop was timed to take 35 seconds, not long enough to do more than recover from the sensation of falling and to concentrate on the business of landing. No opportunity to look about and see how things appeared as you fell. As for the landing, that also is not really difficult if you have been well trained, and all our parachute troops receive the very best of training.

NOW and then a man who has been picked for the work shies off jumping at the last moment and has to be sent away at once, "because of the possibly disconcerting effect on the others. When you are jumping, the last thing of which you want to be reminded is the case against it." Before the first jump from a plane "people were more jittery" than they had been before they tried it from a balloon. But they quickly became accustomed to the real thing.

The bombing raid which Cotterell accompanied was over Frankfort. He gives a very sensitive account of the state of mind of the crews before it started. There was "an air of quietly mounting excitement." One man put a German dictionary into his pocket. "Come in handy in the Stalag," he said, meaning the prisoner-of-war camp if he should have to bale out and be captured. Another said he "hoped those s.o.b.s were not sitting waiting for us," and another told him, "Yes, that's what they were doing, just sitting and having cups of tea brought them!"

The "briefing" is described in some detail. The Weather Officer comes first, then the Intelligence Officer with facts about the nature of the target, then the Wing-Commander who leads the night's force, then the Group Captain. After all instructions had been given, there was a move to the airfield, and the "dull tiredness into which my excitement had faded cleared and was replaced by a sense of high, nay lunatic, adventure." He noticed that one of the rules for pilots stuck up in the plane was "steady consistent driving is of far more use than brilliant erratic driving." He hoped his pilot had taken that to heart. As they did their work thoroughly and reached home safely, he evidently had taken it to heart!



PREPARING FOR A FIRST JUMP, through the hole in a special platform slung beneath a captive balloon, these British parachute troops are more or less enjoying their preliminary training. Use of a balloon makes jumping possible in most weathers. Later they will drop from aircraft. What it feels like to descend by parachute is told in the book reviewed in this page. See also first-hand story in page 92, Vol. 7.

Photo, British Official.

First Snow Follows the Rain in Italy

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A Newspaper Man In Service Harness

he tells of a Physical Training Instructor who had nothing to do except take a half-hour morning parade. "The rest of the time he spent mainly asleep, in bed with the window shut and the blankets drawn firmly over his head." Another man in charge of certain stores "was a regular soldier, otherwise his inactivity would have driven him mad long since . . . He assured me he had never been happier in his life." Then there was a young business man being trained for a commission, "an absolutely champion lead-swinger. He was a plausible talker and he fixed things for himself to a quite extraordinary degree, sent himself telegrams asking for himself to be sent on leave for business reasons, wrote himself letters on his firm's notepaper—and got away with everything."

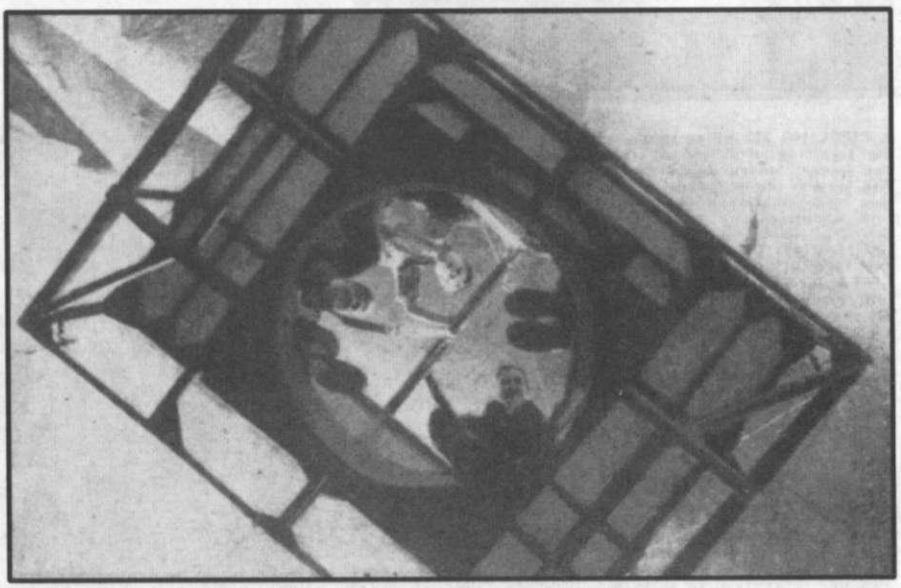
NOT many men would have wished as keenly as Cotterell did to accompany a bombing raid or to practise parachute jumping. He admits he was scared during both adventures, but that proves he didn't really feel any fear. The first time he dropped from a balloon with a parachute he had a moment of terror, his emotions seemed for that instant out of control, a sort of mental chaos overcame him. Then he felt his hands clutching his trousers and he remembered he had been told to do this, and his mental composure returned.

The jerk when the parachute opened was not so much of a shock as he had been led to anticipate. Of course, when your fall is suddenly brought up short you do feel it, "but you are so keyed up for radical physical experiences that it doesn't mean a thing." That first drop was timed to take 35 seconds, not long enough to do more than recover from the sensation of falling and to concentrate on the business of landing. No opportunity to look about and see how things appeared as you fell. As for the landing, that also is not really difficult if you have been well trained, and all our parachute troops receive the very best of training.

NOW and then a man who has been picked for the work shies off jumping at the last moment and has to be sent away at once, "because of the possibly disconcerting effect on the others. When you are jumping, the last thing of which you want to be reminded is the case against it." Before the first jump from a plane "people were more jittery" than they had been before they tried it from a balloon. But they quickly became accustomed to the real thing.

The bombing raid which Cotterell accompanied was over Frankfort. He gives a very sensitive account of the state of mind of the crews before it started. There was "an air of quietly mounting excitement." One man put a German dictionary into his pocket. "Come in handy in the Stalag," he said, meaning the prisoner-of-war camp if he should have to bale out and be captured. Another said he " hoped those s.o.b.s were not sitting waiting for us," and another told him, " Yes, that's what they were doing, just sitting and having cups of tea brought them!"

The "briefing" is described in some detail. The Weather Officer comes first, then the Intelligence Officer with facts about the nature of the target, then the Wing-Commander who leads the night's force, then the Group Captain. After all instructions had been given, there was a move to the airfield, and the "dull tiredness into which my excitement had faded cleared and was replaced by a sense of high, nay lunatic, adventure." He noticed that one of the rules for pilots stuck up in the plane was " steady consistent driving is of far more use than brilliant erratic driving." He hoped his pilot had taken that to heart. As they did their work thoroughly and reached home safely, he evidently had taken it to heart!



PREPARING FOR A FIRST JUMP, through the hole in a special platform slung beneath a captive balloon, these British parachute troops are more or less enjoying their preliminary training. Use of a balloon makes jumping possible in most weathers. Later they will drop from aircraft. What it feels like to descend by parachute is told in the book reviewed in this page. See also first-hand story in page 92, Vol. 7. *Photo, British Official.*

How Petrol is Piped to Our Airfields in Italy

A PIPELINE 222 miles long, for the servicing of Allied aircraft, has been constructed in Italy. The system pumps petrol at the rate of a million gallons a day, thus tremendously speeding-up delivery, lessening road-traffic, and freeing for other duties hundreds of lorries and nearly 1,000 troops formerly needed for fuel transport. The petrol is delivered at terminal points from overseas in giant tankers. (See also illus. p. 652, Vol. 7.)

Overhauling one of the powerful pumps (1): meters (in foreground) keep accurate register of the pressure. Testing the valves of a large terminal storage tank (2), to which petrol is conveyed by way of a buoyed pipeline (3) stretching from shore to ocean-going tanker; connexion between tanker and pipeline can be distinguished, in background. Marauder pilots, aided by bustling ground-staff (4), prepare to take off on a bombing foray from an east-Italy airfield. Planes from these bases have played a big part in operations in the Balkans.

Photos, British and U.S. Official, Planet News

MacArthur's Men Tighten Their Grip on Leyte

PHILIPPINES INVASION forces under General MacArthur (see page 429) were in late November 1944 fighting in conditions comparable with the worst ever encountered in New Guinea. Action was damped down by torrential rains and wretched visibility.

Japanese attempts at reinforcing General Yamashito's defence cost them heavily, however : they lost 21,000 men 26 transports and 17 escort vessels in six badly-mauled convoys during the first three weeks of the month—all victims of the U.S. Far Eastern Air Force under General George C. Kenney (3) seen on the right talking to General MacArthur (with pipe) and Lieut.-Gen. R. K. Sutherland, Chief of Staff. Reinforcements land on a Leyte beach-head (1) and advance cautiously towards the Japanese lines (2). The landings occasioned much joy to the half-starved, war-weary islanders : down from the hills and up from the cellars they swarmed to greet their liberators (4) with cheers and yells. See also illus. page 487.

Photos, New York Times Photos, Keystone, Planet News

How Mosquitoes Released Doomed Men from Gaol

An amazing feat of low-level precision-bombing, the attack on Amiens Prison is one of the most memorable achievements of the R.A.F. For security reasons eight months had to pass before a full account could be given of this great exploit, which took place on February 18, 1944, and resulted in the liberation of Frenchmen whose death at Nazi hands was imminent.

ONE hundred patriots were awaiting execution in Amiens Prison. Their crime was that of assisting the Allied cause: some had helped our airmen to escape after being shot down in France. Time was shortening. Death sentences might be carried out at any moment.

A Mosquito wing of the R.A.F. Second Tactical Air Force received urgent orders. The walls of the prison courtyard were to be smashed in two places and, simultaneously, both ends of the main building were to be "opened." Way of escape thus provided, the prisoners would dash out to neighbouring woodland, where further assistance would be waiting—at the hands of Free Frenchmen in our confidence as to time and method of the gaol-breaking.

That Mosquito wing had not only to effect the release with least possible injury to the prisoners, but to inflict utmost possible casualties on the German guards. On the day appointed, the selected team of airmen lined up beside their planes on a snow-covered airfield in England. The wing comprised British, Australian and New Zealand squadrons, including R.C.A.F. airmen, commanded by Group Captain P. C. Pickard, D.S.O. and two bars, D.F.C., one of the most outstanding and experienced bomber pilots in the R.A.F. and, incidentally, hero of the film "Target for Tonight." He told his crews, "It's a death or glory job, boys. You have to break that prison wide open!"

SIX aircraft, constituting the first wave, were to breach the wall on its north-east and north-west perimeter. The second wave of six was to divide and open up both ends of the gaol and destroy the German guards' quarters. A third wave was to be in readiness in case any part of the daring plan miscarried. The honour of being the first wave gave rise to heated discussion. The toss of a coin decided the matter. The New Zealanders won, then the Australians beat the British squadron for second place.

A model of the prison had been carefully constructed, and after studying this the crews felt confident that, with just a little luck, they would achieve perfect timing in the attack and, bombing from "deck level," would be able to do unto Amiens Prison all that was required to ensure full success of the plan. So small was the target that almost superhuman effort and skill would be called for to avoid collisions. It was perhaps small consolation to the nerve-strung pilots that one Mosquito was detailed to make film and photographic records of the attack!

An hour before midday, with cloud lying low and heavy snow under foot, the squadrons left to rendezvous with their fighter escort on the south coast of England. Flying at sea level across the Channel, they swept around the north of Amiens and approached the target—a gaunt building on the straight Amiens-Albert road. Precisely according to schedule, the New Zealanders went in first.

Mosquitoes 'Lifted' Over 20-ft. Wall

"I saw their bombs explode," an officer of the Australian squadron later reported. "Then it was the turn of my squadron. There were two annexes to the prison, and these housed the German guards. By attacking these we would not only open up the prison, but kill a lot of Germans as well. And that is what we did. We flew so low to drop our delayed-action bombs that we had to lift our aircraft over the high wall and then skid our bombs into the annexe. As we passed over the prison we flew through the smoke and dirt caused by the New Zealanders' bombs."

So accurate were the attacks that the third wave found itself with nothing to do but go home again, whilst the photographic Mosquito, making three runs over the objective, saw the breaches in the 20-ft. high and three-ft. thick courtyard wall, the ends of the building broken, prisoners running out through the breaches, Germans lying on the ground and, on the last run, some patriots disappearing across the snow on the field outside the prison. An R.A.F. officer who was flying this Mosquito which took the "recce" pictures reported:

"We went flat-out through the snow on this side of the Channel and caught up with the bombing aircraft over the Continent . . . We circled to the north of the target . . . When we came in on our first run we saw how accurate and successful the bombers had been. The ends were blown off the building and the outer walls were breached. In the yard we saw a large group of prisoners making good their escape. The fixed cameras in the aircraft were doing their job, and the photographer crouched in the nose was using his hand-held camera. It was his enthusiasm which made us stay longer than I considered healthy. After each run I tentatively suggested going home, but his reply was, 'Oh, no—come on, just one more!' Finally even he was satisfied and we made back for base. His photographs were good. They showed clearly the flattened building and walls, black on the snow-covered ground, and the released prisoners running in all directions across the yard."

Although, as was unavoidable, some of the patriots were killed by German machine-guns as well as by bombs, it is known that the Germans themselves suffered severe casualties. And the operation was not completed without loss on our side, for two Mosquitoes, one of which carried Group Captain Pickard and his navigator, Flight-Lieut. J. A. Broadley, D.S.O., D.F.C., D.F.M., were shot down, as also were two of the fighter escort.

Group Capt. PICKARD D.S.O. (2 bars), D.F.C. Flt.-Lt. BROADLEY D.S.O., D.F.C., D.F.M.
The death of these heroes of the raid on Amiens prison ended one of the greatest partnerships of the R.A.F. They had been flying together for almost four years. Both were born in Yorkshire *Photos, Topical Press*

Since the successful invasion of France and subsequent relief of Amiens, it has been possible to collect certain details which had hitherto been unobtainable. All that was originally known of Group Captain Pickard's fate was that his aircraft was last seen circling over the prison, slightly above the height at which the Mosquitoes were attacking. He had detached himself from the main formations in order to take up a position from which, though it was dangerous, he could best see and direct the operations.

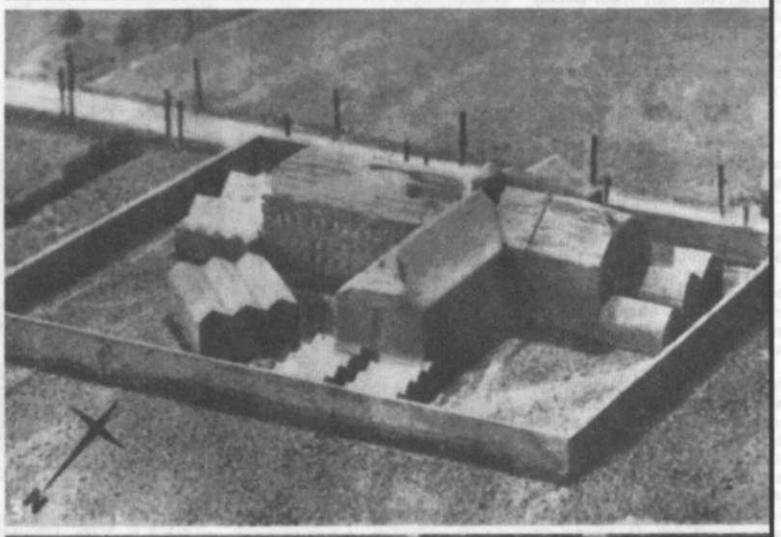
IT now seems certain that when he had ordered the third—last—wave to withdraw without dropping its bombs, he saw one of the Mosquitoes brought down by the fierce flak put up by the German defences. About to go down to investigate the crash and discover the fate of the crew, he was pounced upon by two F.W.190s sent up to intercept the raiders—and to them he fell victim.

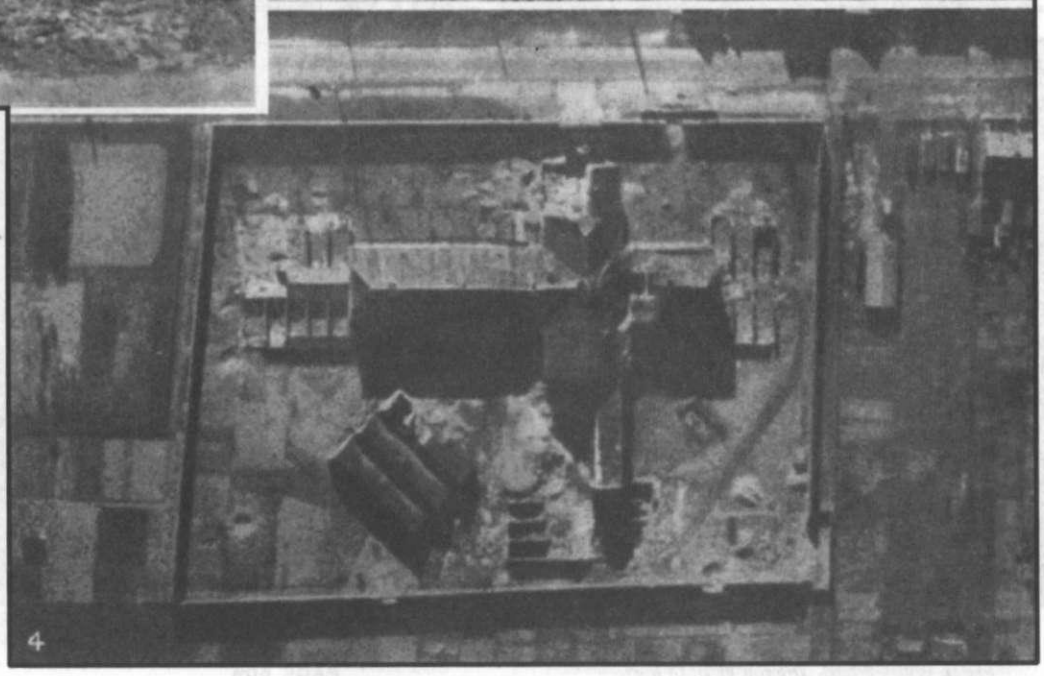
He was shot down a few miles from Amiens, and his body, with that of his navigator, was removed by friendly villagers who had seen the entire action. The Germans forced them to give up the two bodies, but were unable to prevent the villagers from attending the burial in the cemetery alongside the prison which Group Captain Pickard had helped to "crack" open. After the invasion, when his comrades reached Amiens and sought news of the aircrews' fate, the villagers handed over to them photographs of the graves and personal belongings which they had hidden from the Germans for months.

Whilst Group Captain Pickard's comrades survive not one of them is likely to forget the tragically significant words he uttered after the briefing of the crews at an Allied Expeditionary Air Force intelligence room in England: "It's a death or glory job, boys!"

PAYING A LAST TRIBUTE at the grave, in Amiens Cemetery, of Group Captain P. C. Pickard, D.S.O. (two bars), D.F.C., heroic leader of the R.A.F. raid on Amiens Prison—disclosed on October 28, 1944 and related in this page—are Leading Aircraftman Albert Sullivan, of Newark, Notts., and Marie Yvonne, a grateful Frenchwoman. Buried beside the Group Captain was his navigator, Flight-Lieut. J. A. Broadley, D.S.O., D.F.C., D.F.M. *Photo, British Official*

R.A.F. Bombs Cracked Open the Prison at Amiens





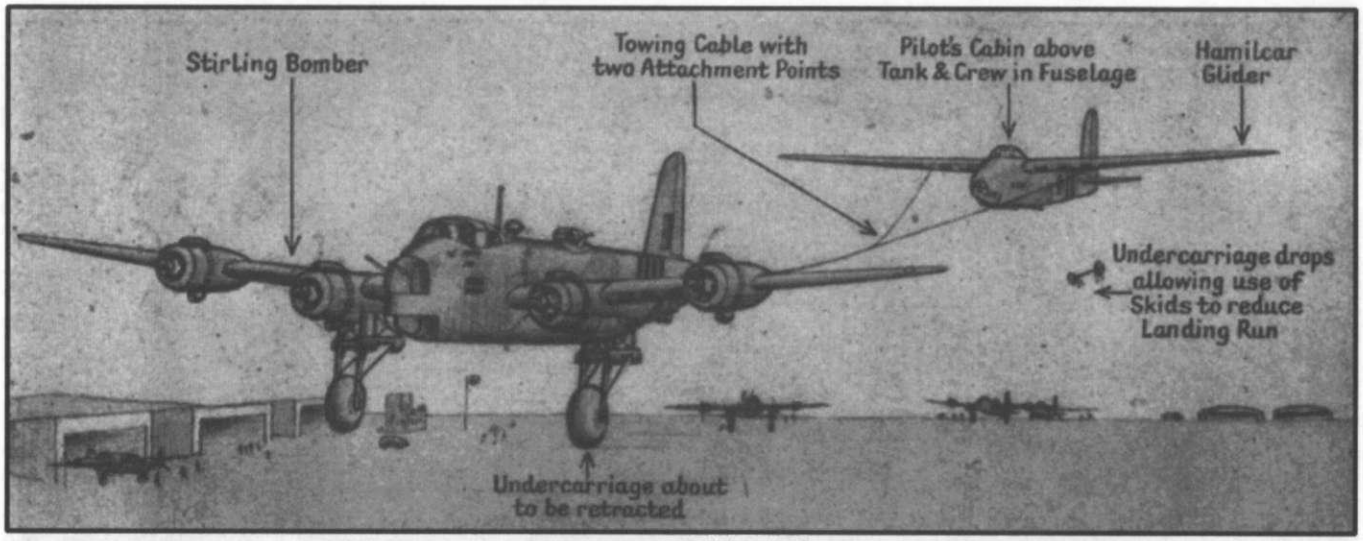
"I NEVER SAW better flying or navigation in my life!" declared a New Zealand pilot eye-witness of the R.A.F. Amiens Prison raid, described in facing page. "The feeling of the aircrews was one of terrific determination to see that it was done properly." The raid — which released many French patriot prisoners under sentence of death by the Germans—was one of the most daring in history.

The prison was a cruciform building in a courtyard, surrounded by a 20-ft. high wall, some 3 ft. thick. Accuracy in attack was absolutely essential.

In order to achieve this a perfect scale-model of the prison was made and used for briefing the crews (3). Reconnaissance photographs taken immediately after the raid showed the damaged prison with, in the foreground, a heavily-breached wall (1); the shattered outer wall on the south side (2); and escape breach (4) on the right of the wall at the bottom.

Photos, British Official

Tank-Carrying Hamilcar: World's Largest Glider


Stirling Bomber
Towing Cable with two Attachment Points
Pilot's Cabin above Tank & Crew in Fuselage
Hamilcar Glider
Undercarriage drops allowing use of Skids to reduce Landing Run
Undercarriage about to be retracted

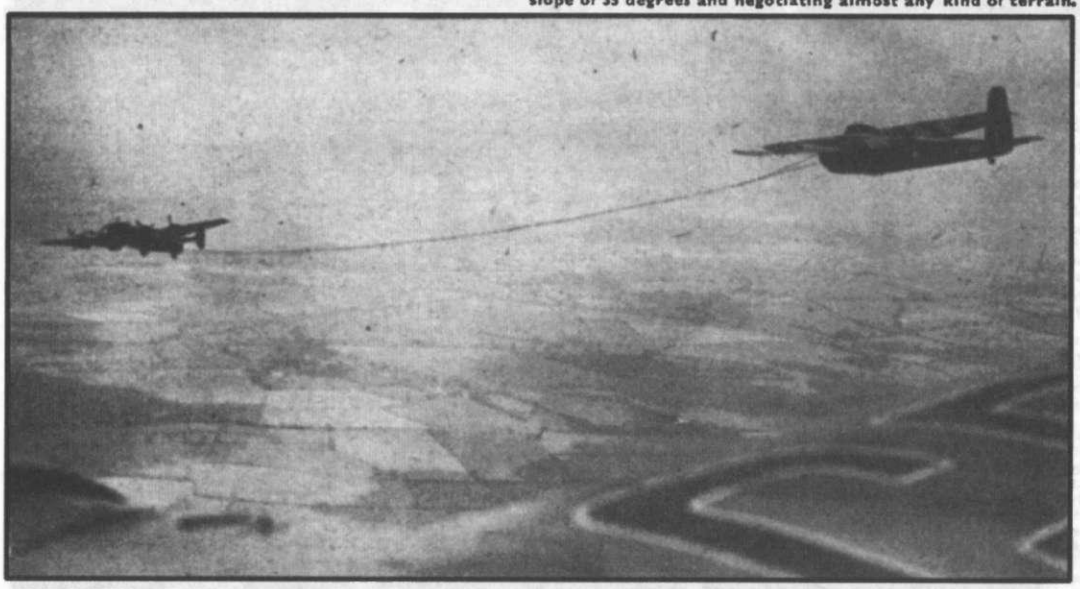
TAKING OFF, TOWED BY A STIRLING BOMBER, the laden Hamilcar glider rises into a higher position than that of the towing aircraft to avoid the violent slipstream from the airscrews. Besides tanks and howitzers, Hamilcars have carried engineering equipment—the latter enabling our airborne troops in Holland in October 1944 to establish vital bridge-heads and so take the enemy by surprise.

ON BRITAIN'S huge motorless aircraft—the Hamilcar, which the Germans believed to be a troop-carrier—depended much of the success of the Allied airborne landings on the Continent from D-Day onwards. Tremendous punch was given to ground operations by the use of these gliders which, towed by heavy bombers of the R.A.F., carried a Tetrarch tank and other heavy equipment.

In London on November 11, 1944, Major-General Lentaigne—successor to Wingate of the Chindits—disclosed that during the Burma fighting earlier in the year, gliders were used on a large scale for the first time for landings behind the enemy lines. These methods were reported to England, greatly influencing D-Day planning.

On board the Hamilcar the tank, carrying a gun, is started up while still airborne, and is thus ready to go into immediate action. At the moment of landing the nose of the glider swings back and the fuselage sinks to the ground to allow the tank to roll out into operation.

A TETRARCH TANK BACKS INTO A HAMILCAR GLIDER under its own power. This light tank, around which the glider was originally "tailored" to fit, weighs over 7 tons. Its overall length is approximately 14 ft. (including the gun, with remarkable fire power); width 8 ft. 5 ins.; height 7 ft. Its speed is 25 m.p.h., and it is capable of climbing a slope of 35 degrees and negotiating almost any kind of terrain.



THE GLIDER IN FLIGHT, and its heavy-bomber towing plane, made a familiar sight in Holland during the great airborne invasion of September 17, 1944 (see page 349). Squadron-leader James Stewart, tow-plane pilot at Arnhem, was awarded the D.F.C. for flying his plane deliberately into flak to distract the enemy gunners from gliders on their way down.

Photos, British Official. Drawing by D. C. Burge

LEADING HAMILCAR PILOT, Major Alec Dale, R.A.F., a Shropshire man, was awarded the D.F.C. for his work with gliders in Sicily in the summer of 1943. "The Hamilcars are beautifully easy to handle, in spite of their weight," he declares, "and the organization of the landings in France was so good compared with the Sicilian show that there was really nothing to it."

Besides airborne troops and tanks these huge gliders have carried 75-mm. howitzers, 3-in. mortars, bridging material and assault boats. At Arnhem in October the assault boats proved invaluable in helping our men to recross the River Lek. The Hamilcar's wing-span is 110 ft., 8 ft. more than that of a Lancaster.

It possesses, however, such manoeuvrability that it can be landed in a small meadow. By daylight and by dark it can touch down with almost mathematical precision from a release point miles away.

I WAS THERE! Eye Witness Stories of the War

They Told Me 'The Tea Always Gets Stewed!'

Said the captain to Laurence Wilkinson, Daily Express correspondent in Germany : "Now's your chance. No one has ever written about British Army cooks." The result is this pen-picture of the woes of the cooks at the front, and of the transport drivers who have appalling battles of their own to fight as they take the rations up to forward troops.

You drive east, through the happier part of Holland to get to the "dead end" front, near Geilenkirchen, where although shells fall at the rate of about one a second during most of the day, the official communiqué says regularly : "There was little action worthy of note." There is a smile and sometimes a wave for the troops instead of the tragic stare they encounter in the rubble-filled streets of Eindhoven and other Dutch towns to the north.

In the fine city of Maastricht, for example, the war is still a novelty. The great Maastricht bridge was dynamited in spectacular fashion by the retreating Germans, but otherwise there is little damage. The shops, fully lit in the afternoon, are packed with goods unobtainable for years in England. A few miles farther on one is in Germany. The silence is noticeable. The roads are empty ; nothing moves. Notice boards on shell-torn trees warn you that there may be mines at the edge of the road.

The guns open up and blast rocks the car. Even the sidelights have to be switched off farther along the road. There is a block ; a tank has skidded. A captain says : "It might be dangerous to try to carry on farther." He offers shelter with his cooks in an underground cellar. "Now's your chance," says he. "No one has ever written about British Army cooks."

It is 6.30 and the cooks are preparing tomorrow's lunch for the front-line troops—four slices of bread, thinly spread with melted margarine, and one bully beef sandwich. Then there will be tea. The colour-sergeant explains that the tea is made specially weak because by the time it gets only two miles up the line it will not only be stewed almost black, but will probably be cold as well, so difficult is the journey. No ordinary transport can make it. Everything has to be taken up on a wide-tracked vehicle, including water for drinking and, if possible, for washing.

The day before yesterday "Unlucky" Cooper, the driver, came back with the tea after 13½ hours. He could not get through, though the journey was only six miles there and back. Everybody agrees that fighting troops should be supplied with those little cookers which are small enough to slip into the breast pocket, and use solidified methylated spirit fuel. It is smokeless and can be used right up forward where even if the food cannot get through, the men can keep themselves going with a hot drink. Apparently, however, there is a shortage of these cookers. The question is to be referred to the corps commander.

There is a continuous din of shelling, but only occasionally is it close enough to shake the building and make the chief cook look up from the petrol stove. He throws a match in front of the jet, and leaps back as the flame spurts higher than his head. There is a knack in lighting these No. 1 Hydro burners, which, he said, he learned after he was once burned. But he wonders somebody has not invented a gadget to make it easier.

The driver who left at 4.15 with the afternoon food van comes in. It is now 10.40, and he is dirty and tired. He has to make his journey on a road under German observation, since the other route is knee deep in mud. The forward troops were stopped by heavy mortaring and machine-gunning, and had to dig in where they dropped on the mud. The driver must stop at each mud-hole and call the occupants to collect the food, which is probably stone cold, and hardly worth eating by then.

The men are soaked by days of non-stop rain. They complain of the quality of the food, though, says the driver, it might be some consolation to them to know that the Germans only get their supplies up about once every two days. The shelling goes on all night ; so does the cooking and the loading and unloading of food wagons, the clatter of billy cans and containers, and the roar of the petrol stove.

After four hours' sleep, broken only by the blast of the guns on both sides, the cooks are up again. The cannonading outside is terrific. "The gunners usually give them a final pasting before they knock off for breakfast," said the chief cook. "It's just to keep them quiet." Yes, this is a "Dead End" front all right.

For Four Years the Nazis Tried to Catch Me

Emile Declercq, 23-year-old son of a Belgian grain merchant, was known to the Germans as a hard-bitten veteran who fought them from under cover with all the means at his disposal. He told his story, in Nov. 1944, to a News Chronicle reporter, in a hospital near London, whilst recovering from wounds before going back to resume the fight.

The Germans could not catch me, so they took my father away as a hostage. I learned that he was being taken by car towards Bruges. I got together a few of my men and, mounted on motor-cycles, we overtook the car, forced the driver to stop, and freed my father after a terrific battle.

With wounds in the shoulder and chest and eight ribs broken, I was of no more use for immediate active service. I lay hidden until the Canadians arrived. Then I was brought to England. All I want to do is to get back to Belgium, to rejoin either the Maquis or the regular Belgian Army.

I was a private in the Belgian Army when the Germans invaded my country. I was taken prisoner, but escaped, took to the woods, and joined the Maquis. After a

MESS TINS IN HAND, men of the British 2nd Army queue for breakfast from an improvised cookhouse in a trench (left) at **Breskens, Holland,** after its capture by the Canadians on October 22, 1944. Watched by the farmer's wife, a private of the Army Catering Corps makes apple-dumplings in an open-air oven (right) during the advance on Hertogenbosch towards the end of the same month. Preparing meals for front-line men is no "cushy" job, and transporting them is even less enjoyable, as told above.

Photos, British Newspaper Pool, New York Times Photos

EMILE DECLERCQ, Belgian patriot now in England, was the hero of an extraordinary exploit in which he rescued his own father, who was held as hostage for himself, as related here. *Photo, News Chronicle*

while I was made a commandant, with 120 to 130 men. We operated—always by night—in conjunction with other companies in the triangle bounded by Ypres, Bruges and Dixmude. Our orders, from an unknown leader at headquarters, were always signed by a number. Even now I do not know who he was, but he was a great leader.

The life was full of excitement. We were in deadly peril most of the time—and quislings were almost as great a menace as the Germans. We specialized in night attacks and in sabotage. We destroyed bridges to hold up supply trains; hid Allied airmen who were forced down and in many cases effected their return to England; and, most important of all, we sent messages to England about the fortifications.

The Germans little knew that many of the men they had forced to work for them in building defence lines were in close touch with us. Every alteration, every modification, was notified to us. Our news was relayed to England once a fortnight, at first by a secret radio. When this became too dangerous, we handed written reports to the pilots of Allied planes sent over for the purpose.

We were fed by farmers and villagers, and supplied with arms by parachute. At night we took heavy toll of the Germans and their supply routes. Once we saw some Canadian pilots captured. That night we crept into the camp where they were held prisoner, killed some of the guards and got the Canadians safely away. We kept them hidden until the Allied armies arrived.

SWEEPING FOR MINES IN VORONEZH after its relief by the Red Army in 1943 was a ticklish business in heavy snow. A remarkable story of the evacuation of precious industrial equipment from the town is told in this page. *Photo, U.S.S.R. Official*

How We Saved the Precious Chocolate Machine

Now again in full production, doing the work of 250 people, an elaborate piece of machinery, 150 yards long and nearly ceiling-high, for making chocolates, was in peril of falling into German hands. How he helped to save it is told by Vassili Davydov, by courtesy of Soviet War News.

WHEN the Germans were pushing towards Moscow we had to evacuate our most precious equipment, including a machine which made what we call figure chocolate—teddy bears and golliwogs and that kind of thing. There are only six machines like it in the whole world. We were rather upset at having to let it go, because although we were at that time fully occupied with priority orders for the Red Army—mainly with making concentrates for paratroops—we did hope it wouldn't be long before we could start making sweets for children again.

Now when the Germans overran the Ukraine the Kiev confectionery factory evacuated its equipment to Voronezh, and among this equipment was a new imported machine for making chocolate animals, an improved model, made by a foreign firm to our specification. It had arrived in Kiev just before the outbreak of war. Well, in due course the fighting reached Voronezh. The confectionery factory was badly blitzed, and the Germans sowed mines thickly around. The People's Commissariat knew that the Kiev equipment was somewhere on the premises, and sent me to get it.

I arrived on the Voronezh sector one frosty day in the depth of winter. I had to leave the train some distance from the city, because the battle was raging. In fact, the ground was quaking. I headed in the direction of the gunfire, and soon reached the factory. To my joy, I came across some battered crates and machine-parts, nearly buried in the snow, but just as I was beginning to investigate I heard a yell: "It's dangerous to walk about here, man! Haven't you got eyes in your head?" Then, of course, I noticed the mine warnings.

The chap who yelled at me was a sapper, and he got very suspicious. He didn't like the look of my civilian clothes, and he thought my accent was peculiar. To be on the safe side, he hauled me along to see his commander—which was exactly what I wanted. Clearly I would need expert help if I was to get that machine out of the minefield.

They were very decent about it, cleared a passage through the minefield, and told me to go ahead. I located 85 huge crates containing parts of the new machine, and scores of other boxes containing valuable stuff, well worth saving. But I didn't have a chance to remove a single box. The area was again captured by the Germans, and I had to go back to Moscow empty handed.

I returned to Voronezh as soon as the Red Army retook the sector. A bunch of sappers helped me to de-mine the factory grounds and to transfer the equipment to the railway. It was loaded on to the trucks during a heavy air raid, and some of it was damaged. In Moscow, when we checked up, we found that the main part of the automatic machine was missing. We had to be patient. There was no question of going back to Voronezh at once to collect it—some of the biggest battles of the war were raging there. I had to wait until the Germans had been kicked out for good.

Then I went back to Voronezh for the third time, and found the missing part. The Germans had used it to shield a trench. We had to put the machine together without the aid of blueprints, and new parts had to be made to replace those damaged in the air raid. And now we are beating our target for chocolate animal production!

From Saipan Our Forts Flew to Bomb Tokyo

Flying with Super-Fortresses to take the war to the Japanese homeland on November 24, 1944, Denis Warner of the Daily Mail certainly did not expect to complete the round trip of 3,000 miles, for reasons made clear in this vivid account written aboard the aircraft in which he was a passenger.

WE bombed Tokyo an hour ago. It was easy, almost over-easy, but now we are fighting a bitter battle to get back to Saipan. The tail-gunner is unconscious with a head wound. We have lost altitude. Our petrol supply is more than dangerously low. It hardly seems worth while writing this story. If we make a night landing on the sea, there is not much of a chance for any of us. We have left Japan's coast behind, and are heading south-east over the Pacific.

It was full daylight when we took off from Saipan this morning. I was immediately behind the pilot and co-pilot. Captain Hamilton, the pilot and veteran of 43 missions in Europe, the only member of the crew with previous combat experience, said: "Ten million guys would give anything to change places with us—and in about seven hours we'll be only too glad to make the change."

Hamilton, 26 years old and grey-haired, did not know then how right he was. The take-off was an awful moment. Hamilton was "begging" the plane to get into the air. Rivulets of sweat were running off his face and neck, and his jacket was soaked.

"Come on, we've got to have 90, we've got to have 90!" he entreated the plane.

Gradually we got speed and swung away northward, then north-westward for Tokyo. Things were moving towards what we hoped would be the climax. Now the bombardier was removing the cover of the bomb-sight. The navigator was making a final check of our position.

We still had a good many miles to go, but there was every chance of fighter opposition. Just now the radio operator has picked up a message from the first Fortress over Tokyo. Brig.-Gen. "Rosy" O'Donnell's plane, with "Rosy" himself at the controls, had hit the primary target—the Nakajima Aircraft Works, nine miles from the centre of Tokyo.

This was good news. The general said the target was visible. That was even better news for us who were to follow him about an hour later, although we knew his planes would have stirred up a hornet's nest of fighters. Suddenly Japan came through the mists—just a glimpse of shadowy outline. I was so excited I couldn't write my notes. As we crossed the coastline the first thing we saw was an immense apparently concreted airfield.

Then, for the first time since leaving Saipan, I began to feel really afraid. My throat was dry, and I could feel beads of sweat forming between my fingers. It was a

job to make formation with the rest of the group. It burned up lots of our precious petrol, but it had to be done. There were houses, villages and what looked like another aerodrome. We passed innumerable airfields, and so we came to Fujiyama. Snow-capped, its peak sparkled in the early afternoon. I had always wanted to see Fujiyama. It looks not so good now, but it was our landmark.

Our beam turned to Tokyo. We turned slightly for 60 miles to run up to the target. Clouds still obscured most of the land, but through the long windrift in the clouds above which we flew we could occasionally see the countryside. It could not have taken us long to reach Tokyo, but it seemed an eternity. I was straining my eyes to see it and I was looking for fighters too. I saw fighters first. There was one ahead of us, 2,000 ft. below, but climbing steadily. There was another on our left, also below.

I watched his approach. He came slowly, but always upwards. As I watched, one jumped on our tail and made a pass at our tail-gunner. Our gun and the Jap's rattled at the same moment. Some of us saw the Jap fighter pull out, and all of us wondered why our gun stopped so suddenly. But for 30 seconds there were other things to think about. Lots of light ack-ack was bursting a few thousand feet below us, and now the heavies were right on the mark.

Ten heavy bursts exploded with a shattering roar between us and the plane to our left. Nakajima aircraft factory was obscured, but the main part of the city of Tokyo was visible beneath. On our left, miles below, were waterfront wharves. For maybe 20 seconds we flew with bomb doors open, then I saw Lieut. Ferand squeeze our release. A cascade of bombs fell from other planes.

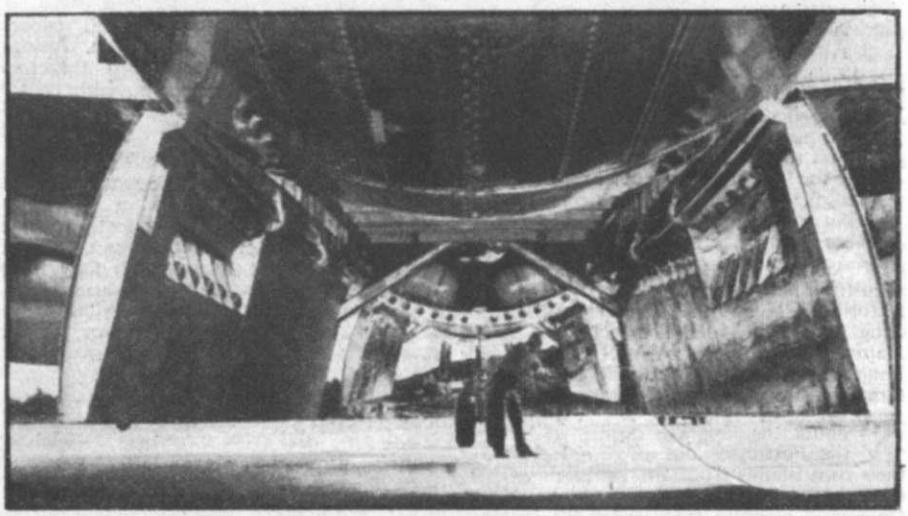
Bombs fell along the waterfront, and it is certain that the Emperor behind his moat and hundreds of thousands of other little yellow men heard the concussions and knew that war had come to their homeland. As we swung out seaward we could see more fighters coming up. Off the coast Hamilton checked his crew. There was no reply over the interphone from the tail-gunner.

We depressurized, and sent the co-pilot back to investigate. Five minutes later another member of the crew found the co-pilot had succumbed from lack of oxygen while trying to remove the tail-gunner from his compartment. The gunner was bleeding freely from a wound in the head—possibly from a Jap fighter—and was almost dead from lack of oxygen.

We had no alternative but to descend to where rescue work was possible without oxygen. That almost settled our chances of getting home.

Night is closing in and we have hundreds of miles to go. Now there seems so little chance of getting back I am giving up writing this story, and anyway you can't write when you are as tired and scared as I am.

SAIPAN—*Same Evening:* We got back an hour ago with the tail-gunner dead in the rear compartment and every tank showing "empty." We hit the runway and taxied on two engines draining the last drop. The raid on Tokyo is considered to be more than successful.



TWO PAIRS OF BOMB DOORS are a unique feature of the great U.S. Boeing B-29 Super-Fortresses now carrying the war into the heart of Japan. In the week beginning Nov. 26, 1944, Tokyo was heavily bombed three times, and again on December 3. (See story commencing in facing page.)
Photo, Central Press

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

NOVEMBER 22, Wednesday *1,908th day*
Western Front.—City of Metz entirely cleared of enemy. Eschweiler captured by 1st and 9th Armies.
Air.—R.A.F. heavy bombers again drained portion of Mittelland and Dortmund-Ems canals on night of November 21-22.

NOVEMBER 23, Thursday *1,909th day*
Western Front.—French and U.S. troops entered Strasbourg.
Air.—Nordstern oil plant at Gelsenkirchen attacked by U.S. and also by R.A.F. bombers.
Russian Front.—Tokay, north-east Hungary, occupied by Red Army troops. Cop (Czechoslovakia) again captured by Russians, after changing hands.
Pacific.—Announced that U.S. task force bombarded Matsura, Kurile Is., on November 21.

NOVEMBER 24, Friday *1,910th day*
Russian Front.—Island of Oesel completely cleared of Germans.
Far East.—Tokyo bombed in daylight by Super-Fortresses based on Saipan in the Marianas.

NOVEMBER 25, Saturday *1,911th day*
Western Front.—9th Army advancing on Julich captured Bourheim and penetrated into Koslar.
Air.—1,000 U.S. bombers and 1,000 fighters attacked Leuna oil plants and marshalling yards at Bingen. At night Mosquitoes bombed Nuremberg.

NOVEMBER 26, Sunday *1,912th day*
Western Front.—Weisweiler, on motor road from Aix-la-Chapelle (Aachen) to Cologne, captured by 1st Army.
Air.—More than 1,000 U.S. bombers attacked oil refinery at Misburg, near Hanover, railway viaduct at Bielefeld and marshalling yards at Hamm; 138 enemy fighters destroyed. Two V2 sites in Holland bombed by Spitfire bombers.
General.—Gen. Sir Harold Alexander promoted Field-Marshal and appointed Supreme Allied Commander, Mediterranean.

NOVEMBER 27, Monday *1,913th day*
Western Front.—Infantry of 3rd Army entered St. Avold, S.W. of Saarbruecken.
Air.—R.A.F. Lancasters dropped 12,000-lb. blast bombs on Munich. Allied bombers attacked railway yards at Offenburg, Bingen and Cologne. U.S. fighters destroyed another 102 German aircraft. At night, R.A.F. bombers in great strength attacked railway centres behind Western Front.
Far East.—Super-Fortresses from Saipan again bombed Tokyo.
Pacific.—Japanese fighter aircraft, with heavy loss to themselves, attacked Super-Fortress base at Saipan.
Home Front.—Underground explosion at R.A.F. depot near Burton-on-Trent caused many casualties.
General.—Announced that Lieut.-Gen. F. A. M. Browning had been appointed Chief of Staff, S.E. Asia Command.

NOVEMBER 28, Tuesday *1,914th day*
Western Front.—3rd Army after making progress in Saar region held a front of 26 miles in Germany. 9th Army patrols reached the Roer.
Air.—Very strong force of Mosquitoes bombed Nuremberg. At night, Essen and Neuss were heavily attacked by Lancasters and Halifaxes.
Russian Front.—In Hungary, Soviet troops forced river Tisza north of Nyiregyhaza.
Balkans.—Halifaxes of Balkan Air Force dropped food and supplies over Tirana, Albanian capital.
Sea.—Announced that on night of June 21, British "human torpedo" sank cruiser Bolzano in Spezia harbour.

NOVEMBER 29, Wednesday *1,915th day*
Western Front.—U.S. 1st Army cleared towns of Huertgen, Langerwehe and Jungersdorf.
Air.—More than 1,000 Fortresses and Liberators with 1,000 fighters bombed oil plant at Misburg and railway yards at Hamm. Mosquitoes made daylight attack on Duisburg, and R.A.F. heavies bombed Dortmund. Spitfire bombers made another attack on V2 sites in Holland.
Russian Front.—Announced that Soviet and Yugoslav troops had crossed the Danube south of Budapest, capturing Pecs and Mohacs.
Far East.—Super-Fortresses again raided Tokyo, for first time at night.

NOVEMBER 30, Thursday *1,916th day*
Western Front.—Announced that first Allied convoy had entered Antwerp.
Air.—R.A.F. and U.S. bombers attacked oil plants in Leipzig and Ruhr areas and marshalling yards near Saarbruecken. V2 sites in Holland again bombed. At night, R.A.F. dropped over 2,000 tons of bombs on Duisburg.
Russian Front.—Eger and Szikszo, Hungarian communications centres, captured by Soviet troops.
Pacific.—Japanese convoy bound for Leyte destroyed by U.S. aircraft, the seventh lost in this area.

DECEMBER 1, Friday *1,917th day*
Western Front.—3rd Army reached Saar river above and below Merzig.
Burma.—Scots troops of 36th Division occupied Pinwe.
Home Front.—Announced that Princess Elizabeth had launched new battleship, greatest yet built in British Isles.

DECEMBER 2, Saturday *1,918th day*
Western Front.—Saarlouis (Saarlautern) entered by U.S. troops.
Air.—R.A.F. Lancasters bombed Hansa benzol plant at Dortmund.
Burma.—East African troops entered Kalewa on the Chindwin.
General.—General de Gaulle arrived in Moscow.

DECEMBER 3, Sunday *1,919th day*
Western Front.—3rd Army troops at Saarlouis captured main bridge across the Saar. Saar Union cleared of the enemy.
Russian Front.—Hungarian communications centres of Miskolcz and Satoralja-Ujhely, north-east of Budapest, captured by Red Army.
Far East.—Super-Fortresses from Marianas again bombed Tokyo.
Home Front.—King George VI took salute at "stand-down" parade of Home Guard.

DECEMBER 4, Monday *1,920th day*
Western Front.—2nd Army troops cleared last enemy bridge-head west of Maas. Saarbruecken under fire from 3rd Army.
Air.—U.S. bombers and fighters attacked marshalling yards, etc., at Kassel, Mainz and Giessen. R.A.F. Lancasters attacked Oberhausen, Karlsruhe and Heilbronn.
Mediterranean.—Enemy shipping at Rhodes bombarded by units of Royal Navy.

DECEMBER 5, Tuesday *1,921st day*
Western Front.—3rd Army troops completed clearing of Saarlouis, and crossed Saar at fresh point.
Air.—In battles over Berlin 91 enemy fighters shot down by Allied aircraft. Marshalling yards at Munster, Hamm and Soest also bombed.
Italy.—Canadian and British troops of 8th Army entered Ravenna.
Russian Front.—Soviet troops in Hungary reached Lake Balaton.
Balkans.—In Athens British troops intervened in fighting between rival Greek factions.

Flash-backs

1939

November 23. *Rawalpindi sunk by pocket battleship Deutschland.*
November 30. *Russians launched attack on Finland.*

1941

December 6. *Russians began big counter-offensive at Moscow.*
December 7. *Japan declared war on Great Britain and U.S.A. Pearl Harbour bombed.*
December 7-8. *Japanese troops landed in Northern Malaya.*

1942

November 24. *Russians advancing from north joined with defenders of Stalingrad, relieving the city.*
November 27. *German troops occupied Toulon. French warships in harbour scuttled by crews.*

1943

November 28. *First meeting at Teheran (Persia) between Roosevelt, Stalin and Churchill.*
December 1. *8th Army broke German "winter line" on Sangro.*

THE WAR IN THE AIR

by Capt. Norman Macmillan, M.C., A.F.C.

ANOTHER American Bomber Command, the 21st, sprang into the news by making the first air attack on Tokyo since the Mitchell bombers, led by (then) Brigadier "Jimmy" Doolittle on April 18, 1942, made the original attack by taking off from the aircraft carrier Hornet, nicknamed "Shangri-La" by President Roosevelt, 800 miles from Japan, and, after bombing, flying on towards land airfields in China (see pages 154–155, Vol. 7).

The 21st Bomber Command, grouped with the 20th Bomber Command, forms the U.S. Army 20th Air Force, whose operations are strategically controlled from Washington by General Henry H. Arnold, Chief of Staff of the United States Army Air Force. The 20th Bomber Command operated from bases in China (until forced to withdraw to India when the Japanese swept over Kwangsi Province), bombing Yawata steel works in Kyushu three times and delivering an equal number of attacks against the Manchurian steel centre of Anshan. In Nagasaki's industrial belt an aircraft plant and other factories were bombed. Oil plants at Palembang and near Medan, docks at Taku, Dairen, Singapore base, Rangoon and Bangkok railheads were among the strategic target operations of this Command.

No doubt the Japanese hoped, by forcing the Fortresses out of China, to save their own islands from air bombardment, at least for a time. Now that 20th Bomber Command operates from India the striking power of the Allies against the Japanese invaders of Malaya, Siam, Sumatra, Java and all the western zone of the South-East Asia Command will be strengthened, while any hope that the Japanese may have entertained of saving Japan proper from air bombing has been falsified by the commencement of the operations of Brig.-General Heywood S. Hansell's 21st Command from bases in the Mariana Islands of Saipan and Tinian. Although the centre of Saipan lies 1,460 miles south-south-east of Tokyo, the long range of the Super Fortress bombers enables them to attack targets within the enemy's capital area.

PHOTOGRAPHIC Flights Over Target Areas of Japan

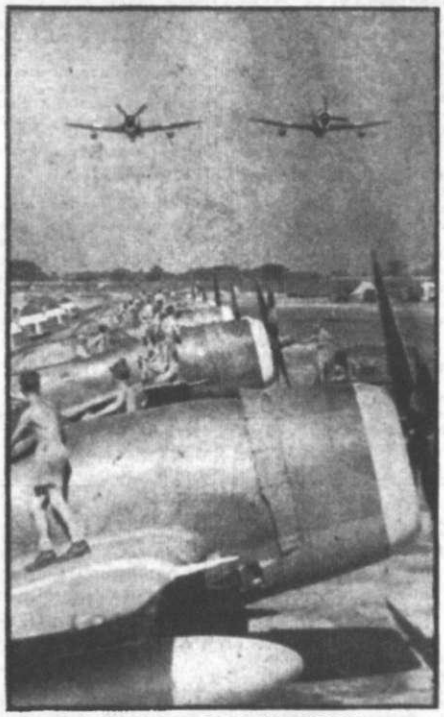
The first attack on Tokyo from the Marianas bases was made on Friday, November 24, 1944, five months after the surface fighting had wrested them from the enemy. (See first-hand description in p. 506.) The second raid was made on the following Monday, also in daylight. The third raid was made in the night of Wednesday, November 29. Before the attacks were begun, reconnaissance Super-Fortresses had flown over Japan photographing the target areas, so that Intelligence could locate targets accurately and the operational programme be detailed. Among the targets photographed were factories, airfields, docks, hydro-electric power plants vital to Japanese war industry, and dams. The Japanese reported the two daylight raids to have been made each by 40 bombers, flying in formations of ten. The aircraft flew high, using compresser equipment to pressurize the crew quarters while they flew through the sub-stratosphere.

It should be remembered that the term stratosphere is variable in terms of height. The lower level of the stratosphere changes with atmospheric temperature, being highest at the Equator and lowest at the Poles in winter. A bomber might be flying in the stratosphere at 6,000 feet above the North Pole, yet have to fly at over 30,000 feet to travel within the stratosphere above the Equator. The strain on pilots who have to get huge, heavily laden Super-Fortresses off the runways at nearly 100 m.p.h. in the sticky, damp heat of Saipan's climate must be terrific. With sweat oozing from every pore the pilot has then to climb upward into the cold of the near-equatorial sub-stratosphere, where the temperature of the air falls to 40 or more degrees below zero. No one who has not flown in the tropics can quite understand what this means. We should respect the mental courage and superb physical condition of these aircrews. Among the Tokyo targets attacked was a factory of the Nakajima Aircraft Co., Ltd., which makes Army and Navy fighters, torpedo-bombers, transport aircraft (including the Douglas DC-2), and aircraft engines.

Japan is a mountainous country, with a generally damp climate, and a sky much obscured by clouds. Consequently, at the great range of attack from Saipan, the aircraft crews cannot know when they leave base if it will be possible to bomb visually. Fortunately this is not now a vital factor in bombing—as it once was. For, as the result of much scientific research in Britain, a form of radar "X-ray" or "television" sighting has been devised, which enables the bombardier to see targets through miles of cloud or darkness. Electrical impulses emitted from the aircraft are "echoed" from objects on the ground and, working like a fluoroscope, the "gen-box," as the R.A.F. calls it, produces the invisible rays upon a glass screen as visible rays which form a picture of the groundscape.

IDENTIFICATION Now Possible Even in Zero Visibility

The picture can be reduced in scale to cover a greater area of the ground and so permit the navigator to see where he is going; or it can be increased in scale to enlarge details of targets. Ships, particular parts of towns, and industrial targets can be identified even in zero visibility. The phrase used in official communiqués: "Bombing by instruments" means use of this instrument. After the R.A.F. had used the method the Americans adopted it, and this British invention enabled their bombers to operate over Europe on days when they would otherwise have been grounded, owing to weather conditions obscuring targets. The device has already been used against Japan, and will be invaluable in prosecuting the air war against the Japanese war industrial machine.



R.A.F. THUNDERBOLTS IN BURMA, on an advanced airstrip, are here being serviced by ground crews. Two planes are coming in to land after a raid on Japanese military targets. *Photo, British Official*

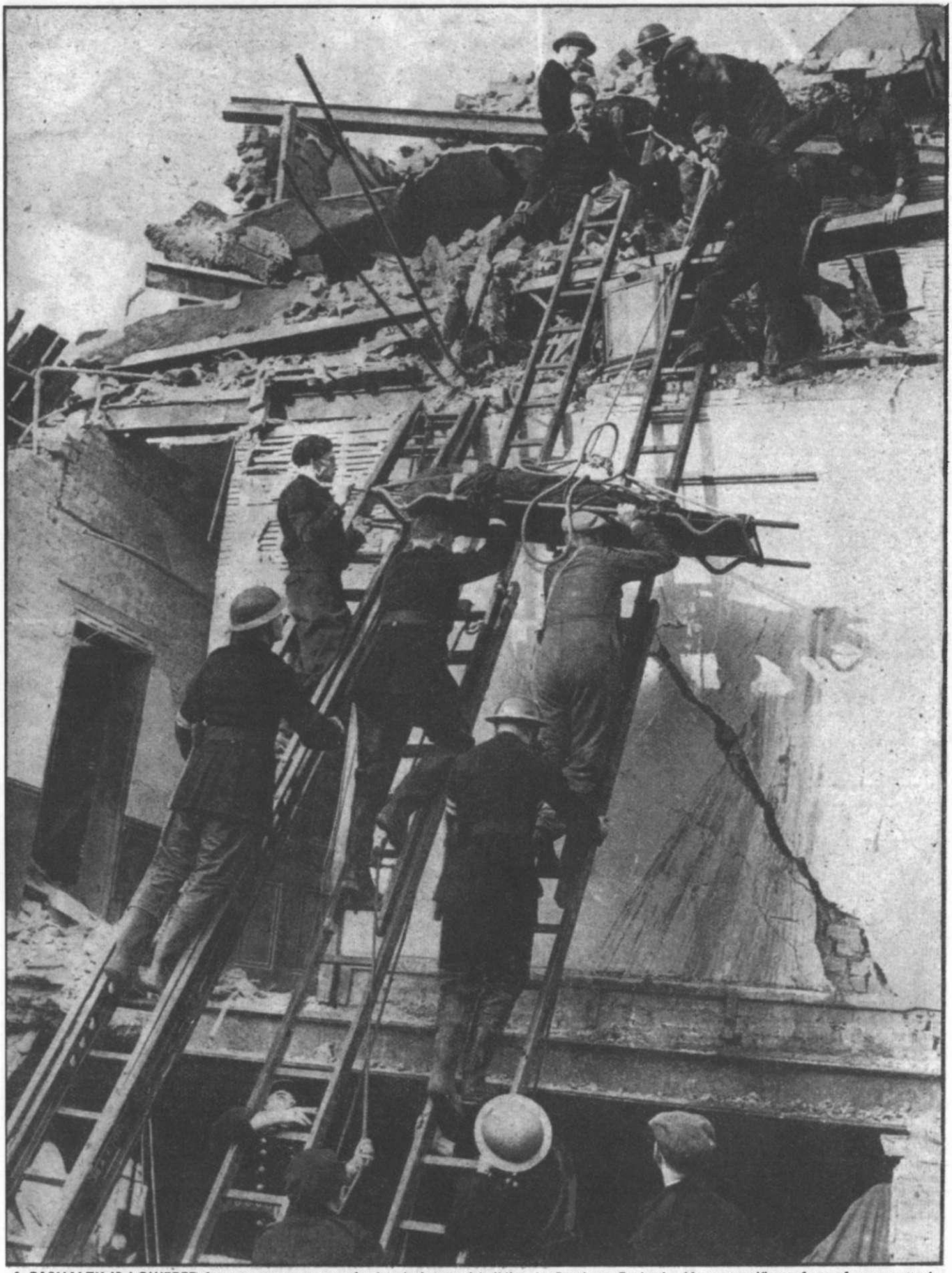
TAIL OF A V2 ROCKET ends its faster-than-sound journey as salvage loaded on to a lorry in England. Dimensions of this devilish contrivance can be gauged by contrast with the men. *Photo, Daily Mirror*

Hitherto the R.A.F.'s big 12,000-lb. bombs, both the block-buster blast type and the streamlined armour-piercing variety, have been used only against special targets such as isolated factories and warships. For the first time the block-buster 12,000-lb. bomb was used against a German city during a 15 minutes attack on Munich, begun at the moonless hour of 5 a.m. on November 27, 1944. The 270 Lancaster bombers employed all got back, only one landing away from base, after a flight of over ten hours. The destructive effect of these bombs is claimed to be nine times more powerful than that of 4,000-lb. bombs. Many incendiaries were also dropped, and Munich was left in flames. Note the high concentration of this attack, which was controlled by master-bomber tactics, in which a Pathfinder bomber flown by a super-expert aircrew identifies the target from a very low altitude, and directs the bombing by radio code.

WING COMMANDER G. P. GIBSON, V.C., D.S.O., D.F.C., was operating as master-bomber during an attack on Rheydt on September 19, 1944. He was last heard giving radio instructions while his aircraft was flying at a low altitude. He did not return, and is now posted missing. This must have been his fifth period of operations, counting his leadership of the attack on the Mohne and Eder dams as the fourth. I have always wondered why men like Gibson (whose value is immense) cannot be given a sufficiently important staff appointment to keep them available to impart to others their valuable knowledge, instead of risking losing them for the remainder of the war and perhaps altogether. (See page 33, Vol. 7.)

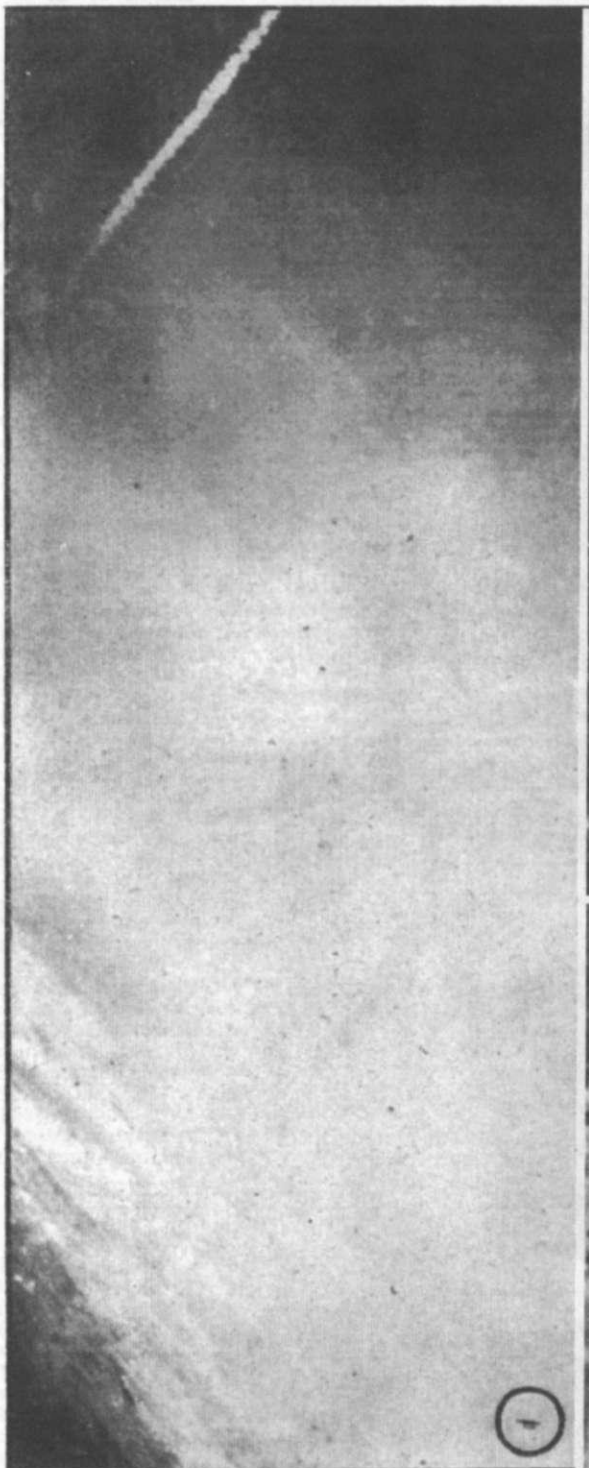
From the outbreak of war to June 1944 Britain built 102,609 aircraft, including 10,018 heavy bombers, 17,702 medium and light bombers, 38,029 fighters, and 6,208 naval aircraft; rise of output was from 110 fighters per month in 1939 to 940 per month in the first half of 1944; heavy bomber output rose from zero in 1939, 41 in 1940 (a staggering under-production) to 2,889 in the first six months of 1944; monthly output of all types rose from 730 in late 1939 to 2,435 in first half of 1944. The aircraft industry (20,000 in 1935) employed 1,750,000 workers in 1944.

Civil Defence in Action After a V-Bomb Raid



A CASUALTY IS LOWERED from an upper storey of a bomb-shattered building in Southern England. Many magnificent feats of rescue stand to the credit of National Fire Service and Civil Defence workers collaborating in circumstances of great danger. On October 7, 1944, Mr. Herbert Morrison, Minister of Home Security, announced that C.D. casualties by enemy action (excluding police and N.F.S.) totalled about 2,300 killed and 8,300 seriously wounded. The man in the white helmet (top right) is an officer of a public utility company. PAGE 509 *Photo, Sport & General*

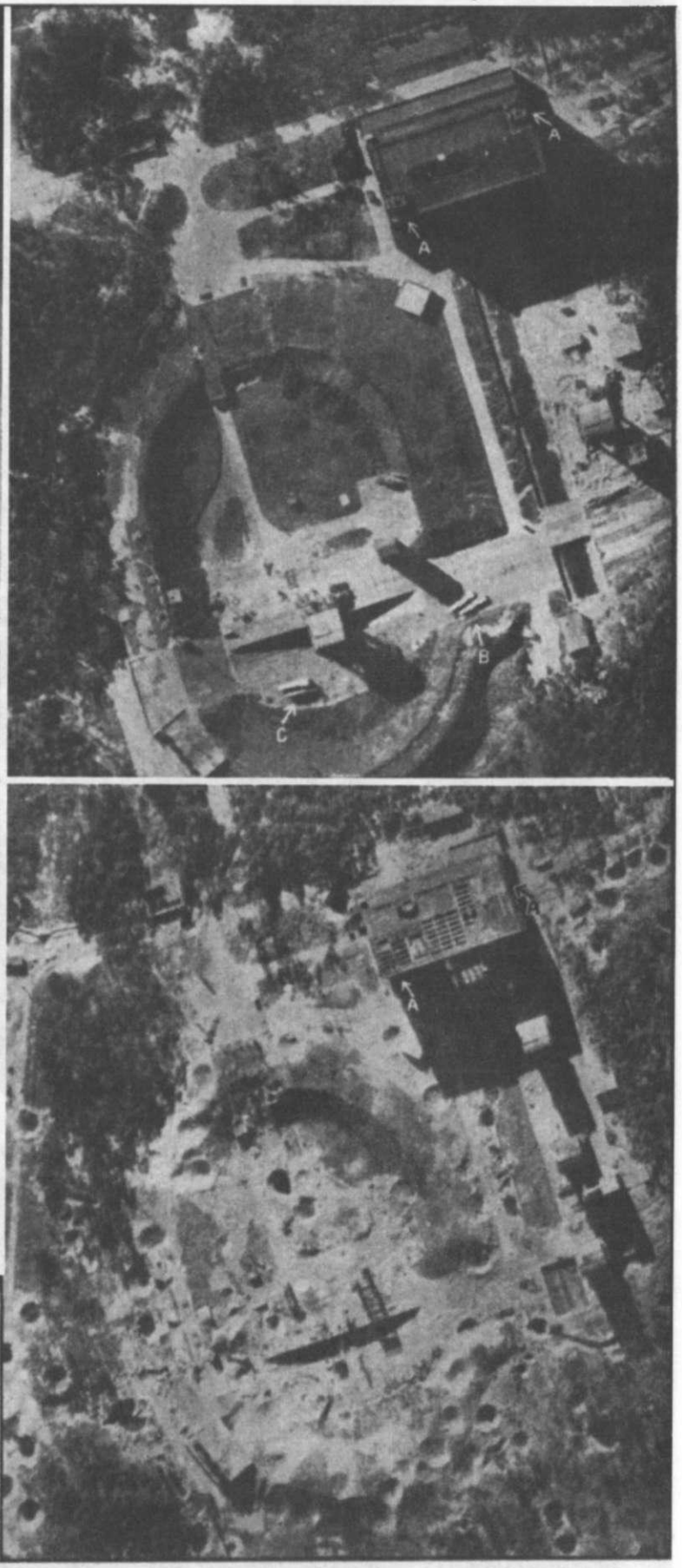
V2 Rocket-Bombs' Home Obliterated by R.A.F.



FIRST PHOTOGRAPH OF A V2 in flight (above) was taken by a U.S. photo-reconnaissance pilot in a Lightning aircraft 20,000 ft. over Germany in November 1944 as the missile flashed by overhead. He said it was approximately 5 ft. in diameter and 50 ft. long, with a 30-ft. "tail" of flame, but that it was in sight for only 4 seconds. Another Lightning is shown in the circle.

SOARING VERTICALLY into the skies in November 1944, rocket-bombs were seen by R.A.F. patrols who were flying at great heights over enemy-occupied Holland. "You get no warning of their approach," said a pilot who, on one mission, saw no fewer than three. "At one moment there is nothing there, and then, apparently from nowhere, the rocket swishes past, climbing at terrific speed and leaving an extraordinary and distinctive trail behind it."

Spitfire fighter-bombers of an Australian squadron bombed a V2 storage, erection and launching site in Holland on November 21. Diving from 8,000 ft., in cloudy weather, the leader placed his bombs dead on the target, and the others followed with equal accuracy. (See also page 468.)



V2 EXPERIMENTAL STATION AT PEENEMUNDE on the German Baltic coast was again attacked by the R.A.F. on August 4, 1944. The station, hidden in woods (top), before the raid, showing light flak positions (A); and cradles for carrying rockets (B), two of which are on the ground (C). After the raid (bottom) the site, in ruins.— *Photos, British Official and U.S.S.T.A.F.*

Editor's Postscript

HAVE you heard of the B.O.A.S.? I never had until a week or two ago, when I received from Sydney, Australia, the fourth annual report of the British Orphans' Adoption Society. This was started in 1939, within a few weeks of the commencement of the war. A young man in New South Wales foresaw that thousands of children would be orphaned in Great Britain and he believed that Australian homes would be opened to them, if the right appeal were made. There were many childless couples who might be glad to bring them up as their own. There were many families which could easily add one to their number. So that young man called some of his friends together and they founded the B.O.A.S. When the sending of children out of Britain to Australia had to be stopped, owing to the dangers which threatened shipping, the Society decided to hold up its adoption plans for the time being and to take up other wartime work for children—chiefly, of course, the children of Australian Servicemen. These have been helped in many ways, and a lot of clothes for air-raid victims have been sent to this country. I expect to hear more of the B.O.A.S. when travel to the Southern Hemisphere becomes normal again.

THE Crystal Palace, as most readers know, was put up originally in Hyde Park for the first International Exhibition 93 years ago. When the idea of a great glass structure was suggested by a gardener named Joseph Paxton, who had much experience of conservatories, all the architects cried it down. However, they could not produce any better plan, and Paxton was a man of great energy. He had his Crystal Palace built, and it was considered at the time one of the wonders of the world. Then it was transported to the pleasant suburb of Sydenham and for many years attracted large numbers of people to attend its famous concerts, watch its celebrated firework displays, wander in its large grounds, crowd into its theatre, buy all sorts of knick-knacks at the stalls which occupied the indoor space along with enormous groups of statuary. Gradually it became shabby and its attractions diminished. Between thirty and forty years ago a fund was raised to preserve it. Lord Northcliffe gave the support of The Times newspaper. Someone on his staff asked, "What on earth do you want to save the Palace for? It's a dreadful place!" And Northcliffe replied in his schoolboy way, "I know. I'd just as soon support a fund to blow it up!" Some repairs were done and then, just over 8 years ago, it caught fire and was destroyed. Now it is proposed to build again on the site—as a sort of war memorial—not a glass structure, though it would still be called the Crystal Palace. The idea seems thoroughly bad to me.

HERE is a sidelight on what I have said about jobs for ex-Servicemen after the war. A newspaper advertised for an office boy. Two of those who answered were a man discharged from the Army at the age of 23 and one, aged twenty, who had been in the R.A.F. There was nothing against them; they had left the Services on health grounds. They could not, apparently, find work. Unless we are ready to deal with cases of this kind, which will be very numerous as soon as demobilization gets going, we shall have the same wretched procession of ex-Servicemen from door to door, trying to sell paper and envelopes, cutlery, brushes and combs, vacuum cleaners, and so on. In this connexion the demand of the Trades Union Congress that the "direction" of people to jobs should cease at once when the European War ceases is not helpful. If men and women who need work cannot find it for themselves, it must be found for them. The T.U.C. agree with that, but they don't agree that the workless should be obliged to take the work that is found for them. In short, the Trade Unionists seem to want it both ways.

I HEAR that there is strong possibility of the Royal Observer Corps continuing to do its work in peacetime. Its members—there are women among them—identify and plot every aircraft that flies over Britain. That will be desirable, if not absolutely necessary, after the war. These observer stations have done most valuable work, of which very little has been heard. That is as it should be. Theirs is eminently a hush-hush job. Few people would be able to say what their uniform is. Usually they wear it only when they are at work. All through the twenty-four hours they are on the watch, and made it possible to give warnings which sent us into shelters and so saved many lives. To show the nation's appreciation of their services they were given the title Royal Observer Corps. They are paid, but not too well, for they must bring to their task both a high degree of intelligence and the closest concentration. A fuller description of their duties was given on p. 758, Vol. 7, of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED.

I DO not suppose many persons outside the "surveying" profession know what a heavy burden of work the destruction of buildings by German V-bombs has thrown on to those who have to estimate the amount of damage done. I had a conversation in the train with one of them, a surveyor belonging to an old and highly respected firm. He told me that, although it was Saturday, he had gone to London early and, though he would not get home till seven, he would go up again on the Sunday to put in a full day's work. He often stayed out of bed till one o'clock, he said, dealing with masses of figures, and he rose between five and six to tackle them again. He was a man of over sixty, I should guess, and did not look as if he could stand such a strain much longer. The claims for compensation under the Government insurance scheme had to be presented, he told me, in the most meticulous detail. Sheets and sheets of figures had to be prepared and carefully checked. The officials went over them with the utmost vigilance, in the public interest. I could not help saying I was glad to hear that. He smiled wearily and nodded. But when it is a matter of millions and you have to reckon up certain kinds of damage in shillings and pence, no wonder the poor man looked tired.

GENERAL DE LATTRE DE TASSIGNY, commanding the French 1st Army which, on November 19, 1944, drove through the Belfort Gap to the Rhine. The Vichy regime sentenced him to 10 years' imprisonment in 1943, but 8 months later he escaped and came to London. *Photo, French Official*

SOMEONE at the War Office wants to know what soldiers feel about soldiering. A request has been issued to a number of them to draw up "a profit and loss account" of their Army service. I have seen a good many of their balance-sheets, and almost every one insists on the value of the friendships made and the prevalence of the spirit of comradeship. This seems curious, at first. Men thrown together compulsorily, or even voluntarily, almost always hate one another. Explorers do, schoolmasters do, crews on small ships do. Why should there be this difference in Army life? It is because there is so wide a choice of friends. If a man gets into a set he does not care about, he can switch over into another. Disappointed in one friendship, he can form another. Those who have ideas and feelings in common come together. There is, as a rule, no need to consort with anyone you dislike. When that rule does not hold good, when a small number of soldiers are forced to be with each other for any length of time in a confined space—see what happens then!

I MET a Dutch naval officer. He was in high spirits. "It is good," he said to me, "that after all you have done and are doing for us we can give you a little help." I asked in what way. "Well," he said, "we have for long past built our naval vessels that were intended for service in Eastern waters, to guard our colonies Java and Sumatra, in a manner that suits the hot weather of that part of the world. A warship is not a very pleasant place to live in at the best of times. In the Tropics it needs a great deal of ventilation, and it has other differences from the ships that go about in colder climates. Your ships are being prepared for the Japanese campaign and you have taken some hints from us, which is a very wise thing to do!" British sailors, too, are to dress differently when they go East. They will wear much lighter clothing; in fact, very little clothing at all.

MY old friend Kennedy Jones, whom I knew long before he joined Lord Northcliffe and helped to found The Daily Mail, once told me how he brought a gardener to his London home from Scotland and how the man asked him when he arrived, "Whose funeral was it the day?" Jones replied "Nobody's. Why?" The gardener explained that he had seen on his ride from the railway station "so many lum hats." Now a lum hat is Scots for a chimney-pot hat, and in Scotland at the end of last century these were worn only at funerals. They were in London worn with tail coats by all men who wished to be considered respectable. For a long time now they have been seen only on the heads of undertakers and bank messengers. The Duke of Windsor, when he was Prince of Wales, discouraged the wearing of them at weddings. More gradually they went out of fashion for mourners at burial services. But they are still worn by undertakers, and their scarcity has sent the price of secondhand ones soaring. If you have an old one among your junk in a box-room or under-the-stairs cupboard, fish it out. You might get four or five pounds for it.

Shattering Man-Traps on the Road to Berlin

UP GOES A GERMAN MINE and down, for safety, go these U.S. infantrymen during the Allied six-army advance on a 400-mile front in the West, which opened on November 16, 1944. Four U.S. armies—as well as the British 2nd Army, under Gen. Dempsey, and the French 1st Army, under Gen. Tassigny—took part. They were: the 1st (Gen. Hodges); 3rd (Gen. Patton); 7th (Gen. Patch); 9th (Gen. Simpson). Gen. Patton entered Metz on November 22. All organized enemy resistance west of the Roer, between Altdorf and Barmen, had ceased by November 29. *Photo, Keystone*

Printed in England and published every alternate Friday by the Proprietors, THE AMALGAMATED PRESS, LTD., The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd.; and for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd.—December 22, 1944. S.S. *Editorial Address:* JOHN CARPENTER HOUSE, WHITEFRIARS, LONDON, E.C.4.